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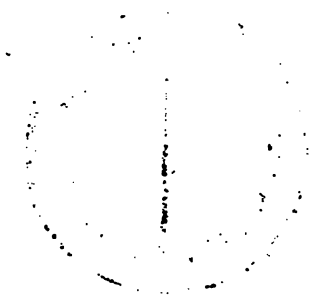
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TO E. J. F.

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS

DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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BY WAY OF PREFACE AND DESULTORY.

THIS little volume of notes of personal travel is only put into print at the request of, and for circulation amongst, the writer's friends. Originally written for home consumption these notes are and can be but of personal interest. So, should any stranger light unawares upon the book and choose to read it he must please think of himself as one hearing from a friend abroad writing rapidly of countries as they strike newly, and of events as they happen, to him.

In 1872 I made a quasi-business, quasi-holiday trip to the United States, and in 1876 to Mexico. What I saw and did, I wrote down and sent home and that is what is now printed. I have also had the temerity to print, with the notes, some descriptions in verse.

Folks who have not the time or opportunity for foreign travel lose thus the greatest of all pleasures which is,—getting home again. The novelty and excitement of foreign travel keep one well amused but it is when you approach England again, after

long absence, that the conviction forces itself upon you that there is, in fact as in poetry, no place like home. Your rooms and your surroundings return on you with a new interest. If no one has really missed you no one tells you so but all seem glad to have you back and to hear your news. But what you enjoy most of all is to get into the English country again; to see the well known birds and flowers and trees; to eat the old, familiar food; to mark again the old lights in the skies and the varied glories of the English landscapes. I am no decrier of my own country. I love it. I like the English climate; I like the English scenery, the English food and the English people. Why should I not, for where shall I find better? The people who habitually decry these things are the people who know nothing of England except for London and fashionable sea-side towns. You may excuse an absolute foreigner for mistaking the climate of London for that of England, but these men who yawn about Clubs and growl at the fogs all winter are inexcusable in their grumbling. Have they not the remedy in their own hands? Let them take train and go away anywhere they will and get out and walk. For the way to see England is on the tramp. They will soon find, even in winter, what charms there are in sky and on land. Winter days are very often clear and bright, especially in South England, and nothing makes the heart more glad than sun in Winter and early Spring. In the tropics, and not only there, you treat the sun as an enemy—an all powerful one too from whom you run away—but here in England we court it. We build, or should build, our houses so as to get as

much of it as possible; we can go out in it at all seasons and we *may* have it at all times. It is the diversity of the English climate which constitutes its peculiar charm. A long hopeless rainy season we never have. Any day we do not know but that it may clear and as to getting wet, it is only people in fine clothes who need fear that. The umbrella and close carriages are doing us harm, helping to make us mollicoddles. They are very modern introductions and our forefathers got on excellently well without them. It is that plaguy and expensive silk hat which has necessitated the umbrella. However, a wetting never hurts the traveller with a dry flannel suit in his pack for a change when he gets in, and often some of the pleasantest of walks result from a start in the rain. You are always hoping it will clear up, and it generally does, and then in sunshine after rain all the beauties of nature are intensified. And indeed it is wonderful, considering what a reputation this climate has for rain, how many days you may walk without getting wet through. I am obliged to take such days as I can—and go wet or fine always—and never carried an umbrella, but yet I do think of all the hundreds of long walks I have had in England that I have not come in wet through a dozen times. Scotland is another matter and Ireland too. Of this I am quite sure that I never got any harm from rain; nor should we ever forget that to it we owe the beautiful green which distinguishes English scenery all the year round.

London is getting to be almost a city of foreigners. Only the other day a wag pasted up a placard on the door of one of the rooms of meeting of the commercial

world "English spoken here." You cannot enter a railway carriage within ten miles of the Metropolis but some one fires off some German and sets your teeth on edge. But get away into the rural districts of England—on the Southdowns, Salisbury Plain, into the New Forest, Savernake, to the Quantock hills or the Berkshire downs or better still to the moors of Devon or the hills of Cumberland (and these are all within five hours run of London) and how freshly the racy English dialects sound! You don't hear people there larding their English with foreign phrases. "As the French say" forsooth, as if there is anything a Frenchman *can* say that an Englishman *should* that can't be expressed in English language. How numerous too the objects of interest to be seen in a walk through an English county. Antiquities on all sides; castles, battle-fields, and, older still, remains prehistoric. Who knows when Stonehenge was raised or by whom, or Kits Coity house, or the Spinster rock at Drewsteignton? The whole world does not contain of the kind a greater mystery. Rich study also, as you pass along, in architecture—ecclesiastical, feudal, and domestic. Such diversity of walking, too. Always good high roads if you want them, and always, for the watchful eye, shorter field paths. Now you are on river side—flat meadows round, and lazy cattle, and sedgy banks; now crossing heath or common, the air sweet of gorse and thyme and musical of bird and bee; now on downs dotted with juniper and barrows and crowned perhaps by some huge camp of Cæsar and his men, and then, dropping on a Tudor manor house set low, and breathing of early English life, or on some broken keep, grey with lichens and alive with daws; or may be the spreading ruins of

an abbey set round with fat lands, which the monk loved, and hills and woods which secluded him and watered by a stream which gladdened him, the abbot's house now a farm home—the yards and walls cackling grunting and cooing with the life and colour which just makes the whole picture perfection. Anon you get a glimpse of the sea. At what moment may a rare bird or flower not delight you? Perhaps, too, it may be your fortune, as it was once mine, on a sunny Autumn day to find yourself in a dell below the moor, when all the tribe Vanessa are bursting from their chrysalids, and, in full glory, and as yet unused to wings, sunning themselves on the dry stones in a brook. Tortoise shells, peacocks, red admirals, painted ladies, all the family common here—I never saw so rich a sight of colour. A few hours and they would all leave that birthplace and scatter themselves or be wind-scattered, far and wide, to spend the winter sadly in some barn or stable, flutter out again in Spring for a few short days of sun—lay eggs and die.

Then, coming in at night you may be sure to strike a pleasant inn. Perhaps in some sleepy mediæval town where amidst red roofs you find your hostelry with ample store of food suspended high above the door, perhaps by some noble park, full of great oaks, where the inn is an adjunct to the mansion, or you may have the luck to light on one of those wayside inns which the close of coaching days has turned into farm house, but where for old associations sake they still keep a bed or two for the wayfarer.

There in ample rooms you will be amply fed. No elaborate sauces (sauces were invented to disguise bad food, I believe that's historical) but home-made bread

and home-bred mutton and fresh eggs and cream and fruit and jam. The cleanly handmaid will make you very comfortable and you will see no tankards with false bottoms, but honest brown jugs, and no hungry and greasy German waiter will come in with a napkin in his mouth and a tray balanced on his palm. For such you must seek the hotel at the fashionable watering place. There you will find plenty of foreigners, waiters, and guests, and other things besides which you are better without; and there you will be poisoned with gas, of all sorts, in bedroom and sitting-room and be well charged for stale London fish and electro-plate and everything pretentious and bad. At such country inns as I refer to (and many of them do I know in out-of-way spots where patent leather boots were never seen) there is no billiard room but perhaps a skittle alley and they will charge you one shilling for a magnificent bedroom, windows, with deep sills, looking towards the rising sun and circled round with flowers, and eighteen pence for breakfast and a trifle more for as good a dinner as an Englishman can want. I am not going to tell my American friends where to find such places. They are not mentioned in guide-books and the landlords look more to their farming than to their inn-keeping and never advertise.

Then, if you study geology, in this island most of the rocks of the world are collected. You may walk across Europe and hardly find such diversity of rocks and deposits as you may find in a day's walk across an English county. And so, in every branch of natural history, there is ample field. Indeed, where is there not, now that, thanks to our great thinkers here, the pursuit of special science is no longer the collecting and

labelling of specimens. Darwin and Huxley have killed Smelfungus and Dryasdust. Everywhere and of everything the reason is being asked, "Why is this?" Why the boulders on these hills? Why, of gravels, are these all whole and those all broken? Why differs nest from nest, and bird from bird? Why the brightness of this insect, the sweetness of this flower? The bee amongst the gorse, the moth over the orchis, the ant on the lime tree, all are watched and their works and their relations recorded. The opportunities of observation now that the leaders have set such questions moving are infinitely manifold. The commonest objects are endowed with new charms. As my friend,—the friend who is referred to in these pages hereafter as the "Professor" and whose mind is a perfect storehouse of facts and factory for theories, as his charming book testifies and as I know, says "new and important discoveries may be made even in a flower box at a London window."

Never was life so interesting as now; never was there a time when man could hope to know or do half as much in a lifetime. Now he can get about and see things for himself and quickly. Now notes from divers places can be instantly compared. No longer a persecuted recluse the man of science is now the eagerly sought instructor of youth and of old age alike. His theatre is as crowded as any and the presses are ever busy with his books. And withal science is so humbling. In olden days when man thought and taught that all creation was made for him, and him only, there was no mete to his arrogance. He would damn and he would save for time and for eternity. He knew all about the Deity and His ways with men; would even dictate to Him what weather He should send or what wars. Some

men were born to power, some to slavery, and on man went fighting and lusting and witch-burning and devil-worshipping, till the native ingrained savage, chiefly through mother's blood and after many generations, gradually worked out of him and now what does a man, whose knowledge compared to that of a brutal baron of old, is almost as the world's age to a week of time, say? "You and I like streaks of morning cloud melting into the infinite azure of the past." *He* knows what man's, what Nature's history has been; what myriads of individuals perish towards the perfection of a type; what links there are between all forms of life; what physical accidents have made peoples flourish or debased them; and he would be the last man in the world to arrogate to himself any exclusive rights or special favours in the great and unknown future.

The pity is that scientific men are getting so far ahead of the world at large. We want more of a middle class in science under our already splendid aristocracy of knowledge. But this middle class is fast forming. Every one cannot devote a life time to scientific pursuits, and grateful should we be to him who has conscientiously worked out any detail and given us a conclusion which we may implicitly accept. He has learnt a great deal who has mastered that bewildering lesson which geology first teaches us,—the awful age of this world and the slow elaboration of its life. He has learnt a great deal who has once thoroughly mastered the principles of evolution and has increased thereby ten-fold the enjoyment of every walk thereafter at home or abroad. He has learnt a great deal who has once received into his understanding the ideas which astronomy unfolds to us of infinite space and infinite worlds. None

such can ever be sectarians or persecuting bigots any more. The whole mind must broaden under the influence of these facts, thoroughly comprehended. But little of these things was taught at school until quite recently. The misdoings of Horace, the extravagant fancies of Ovid and the arrangement of words so as to convey sound without sense, for generations occupied boys almost exclusively. As for the world, that which Professor Huxley termed the other day when lecturing in the States, the "Miltonic" theory of creation was universally taught, and for the most part accepted without question. A rapid change in public feeling on these subjects is now taking place. Children are being led to find out causes for themselves and to know principles. They are now no longer entirely crammed with the mythology taught in early and superstitious days, and the books which were sedulously withheld from a former generation are the text books of the present.

But I was talking of the pleasures and advantages of walking in England. How often when feeling a bit knocked down with London life and London labours I have run away for a week end. Just time to climb Dunkerry beacon or traverse Dartmoor or take a grass walk of sixty miles along the Front hills of Sussex. When you come back you are oily with health, you breathe health, hardly can you constrain yourself to settle to the desk again. You must not go into tourist haunted places for these trips during their "season." Visit the so-called picturesque parts of England, there are really none which are not picturesque, except the immediate "black country" and fashionable watering places, but I mean the lakes, North Devon and North Wales, in winter. You will find no one in the hotels then. A

room or two is kept ready for the rare guest but most of them are closed, the male waiters have been sent away and you may rely on undisturbed possession. I remember one winter's day going up Ben Lomond. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the morning or of the scene; frosty and bright sun and that rich luminous haze in the sky which the Dutch painters knew so well to render, but, lunching at the inn after, the innkeeper told me he had seen no one since the end of October and did not expect to see any one till April. And old Ritson at Wastdale Head regarded me one Christmas when I dropped in on him as a man would regard a swallow at the same season.

In fact there is a prejudice against winter travelling in England amongst all except those who have ever tried it. In the summer time you can walk in the Home or Eastern countries. There is plenty to see in all of them, and you can generally avoid an Imperial or Joint Stock Company Hotel.

Then, there is the health aspect of the matter. I don't mean the trying to recover health after you have lost it. That's a bad business and a precarious one and one in which some of our American cousins are engaged pretty freely and will be more so, and for a long time to come, unless they use their muscles a little more and sit less in hot rooms and eat less of hot bread.

If a man has a decently robust constitution, and with the making of that he has nothing to do, though he may have with the making of others, and is free from domestic worry and pecuniary anxiety,—two baleful parents of ill to man,—he can get though any amount of hard work, provided only he gets occasional

fresh air and exercise and gives himself due time to do his work in. He may know when he wants a change, at once. Does he find himself getting peevish with people causelessly, does he start at a boy whistling in the street, does his sleep fail him? All certain signs that the nerves want bracing up. Then he should start off. A few walks in moorland air—not long enough to fatigue him, and driving or riding if he prefer it, but only to be in the fresh air, all day, as long as possible. He will soon recover; wholesome food, long nights of sleep, exercise; the higher up he can get, the more sun, the more wind, the better. But if he neglects these symptoms and drives on at his work and takes tonics as the Doctor bids him, he will sooner or later break down or get chronic nervous affection or some organic disease. He must do so. The nerves of a strong man first show overstrain and from trifling with this any ill may spring. If you are tired of body you rest; if you are hungry, you eat; so, if your nerves are slack, brace them. Then, as in eating when you are hungry your hunger leaves you, so in bracing your nerves you rid yourself of your suffering. If you persistently refuse to eat when you are hungry you are liable to starve. If you don't rest your nerves when they weary and so continue, you are liable to paralysis. But when you get away in the country it must not be to be intemperate. I hear men say they cannot eat or drink this or smoke so much in London but they can in the country. Why if the practice does them harm in London, it does them harm in the country too, though not it may be in such high degree. A man doesn't change all his nature by using a Railway

ticket. And what benefit have you got from a holiday if instead of storing up strength for your return to work you are using up your accession of strength in counteracting the immediate effects of extra folly and intemperance. The maintenance of just the equilibrium between being active and lying ill is not health and what a man wants in his holiday time is to store up strength ready to meet any unusual strain which may, or which must, be met. It is only given to every man to drink so much wine, smoke so many cigars, and otherwise enjoy his appetites so much, in his life time. Some men have greater special capacities than others but all have their measure. Therefore if one sets to work, and between eighteen and twenty-two does as much of these things as should last him twenty years, he will have to knock off or knock under the sooner for it. It is a pity that it is not more clearly taught at schools that if you do this thing, or pursue the other practice, sure as effect follows cause, you will ruin your health and your future prospects in life. Instead of that, education tends or did tend, to bring one up in a belief in a sort of happy-go-lucky system of life, that there are special providences always looking about, with nothing better to do than to redeem folks from the natural consequence of their own acts and imprudences and we have a knack, through the egotism of our natures, of always thinking that, whatever happens to others, we shall be the favoured one—the darling of the gods! If we teach a boy that certain well defined and remarkably unpleasant evils result from a certain course of life and practices absolutely and that sure as if he puts his foot in water he will get it wet or

burns his hand if he thrusts it into flame, these results must ensue if he pursues the practices, that will make him pause and reflect a bit. High moral aims are poorish things to lean on in dealing with ninety-nine boys out of a hundred. Put the thing in a selfish way, in the way of penalties to be directly and unpleasantly suffered, in the true way in fact, and at all events you have not yourself to blame if the boy goes wrong after that. It was this style of teaching that converted to Christianity our heathen forefathers. St. Augustine might have preached morality *per se* to them till his energy failed him, he would have made no converts, but when he came to tell of the pleasures of heaven and the pains of hell, these they could understand, the latter especially, and this touched, this converted, them. Probably this is the main lever which modern missionaries ply now.

Then, about money matters, how these are kept from boys often. We leave them to find out the value of money at their own cost. The whole thing is kept a mystery until perhaps it comes all of a heap and then they are expected to use their money as wisely as if they had made it.

As things are, a man's life is a sort of lottery for good or evil. All his future happiness turns upon his being well or ill led or advised in that difficult transition state between schoolboy age and early manhood, and often a life is rendered a miserable one throughout to the owner simply from the older ones not telling him what's what and from sheer ignorance.

It is one of the chief businesses of a man's life to be and to keep healthy and the earlier he is taught

this the better. So with women too. What a nuisance unhealthy people are to themselves and to others. In clubs, for instance, those men who shudder at an open window, positively revel in carbonic acid gas and take a fearful joy in eating and drinking that which they know disagrees with them. How uncomfortable it is to live much with a dyspeptic or an intemperate person, always complaining, always got symptoms. A healthy man eats a moderate meal and thinks no more of it. Not so with the unhealthy or the foolish who does not know when he has eaten enough. He gets cross, not with himself as he should do, but with others. A Doctor knows that this irritability is simply nature trying to work off through the skin something that it does not want and ought to tell his patient so and give him a Turkish bath, which will, at all events, if it takes nothing else away, take him away from nagging and worrying those around him. The normal condition of one's temper is a very good sign of one's general health.

There are two classes of people specially a bore and a vexation to their friends and they are, unhealthy people and gossiping people. Both spread many ills and upset much peace. Long country walks would do much to cure both of them. Loiterings by copse and dell, the babbling of brooks and birds, innocent babbling, is capital occupation for the tattler and should he walk the skin right off his heels better so than that he should spend his superfluous energy in breeding and begetting mischief. That is a beautiful story about the man who found out King Midas' secret. If every one could make such sweet music as that when he has some paltry scandal to retail or spread!

But there is such a lot of talking now and meeting of divers people, and every one wants to say something clever and startling, if it be possible new, but whether or not true they are careless.

After all, a healthful, well occupied life, with some touch of sports in their seasons, such as many Englishmen lead, with an occasional leisure, now and then a run beyond seas, and plenty of mental work at home—seems about the happiest life a man can look for here. If he is so fortunate as to have a specialty in science and no occasion to live in large towns so much the better for him. But whoever he is, and wherever he may be, he should never, so long as he is physically able, give up walking exercise. He needn't grudge the time. It will be added on to his days. Walking is better than riding, walking I mean with a swing and in old clothes and over all sorts of country. I heard a well known physican once say, "Walking is the way to retain health and riding to regain health."

For all this,—and this is a very solemn question,—does good to man in the future as well as to the man immediate. Nothing is more remarkable surely as the inattention men and women have paid to the breeding of men. I don't mean the actual breeding,—they are ready enough at that,—but *the kind of breeding*. By the care of the parents to induce and cultivate healthy habits how much better is it for the children to whom healthful, in lieu of unhealthful, habits come with all the unknown force which is implied in the word *hereditary*.

When we see broad differences of race, similarities of families, everything, down to the tricks of habit and

speech, even hand gestures of the individual, passed on from parent to child, can we doubt that the early mind culture and physical culture of the parent must affect for good or ill his offspring, immediate and remote?

A striking instance of the minuteness of hereditary transmission always seems to me to be this. Here are a hundred boys all learning to write, all imitating the same artificial characters under one master, all chided for the same failings, all praised for the same success. Would you not expect that they should all write alike and in the style of their common tutor? Not a bit of it, their handwritings have all developed the peculiarities of those of one or other of their parents.

Lamartine eloquently says, "The source of genius is often in ancestry and the blood of descent is sometimes the prophecy of destiny."

In breeding cattle we measure the thing to a nicety so far as cattle nature goes, and we know exactly what sort of mixture will bring what sort of beast, what sort of flesh.

We say that "like begets like" and we see that beauty begets beauty, but do we properly appreciate, in choosing wives and admitting sons-in-law, that strength begets strength; virtue, virtue; health, health. And further, that drunkard begets drunkard; disease, disease; folly, fools.

May not the extra energy and animal health of the Anglo-Saxon be due to some long-maintained habits of health and temperance amongst his remote ancestry? Who knows how long it took to build this up and should we not, in our turn, maintain and pass it on? The Spaniards, some centuries ago, with constant fighting with that fine race, the Moors, got to be a splendid

people, and wonders indeed they wrought in the Old World as in the New. Let those who doubt read the chronicles of Bernal Diaz and others. But the Spaniard waxed proud and would only fight, and the Devonshire squires, who were accustomed to do all sorts of rough work for themselves at home, went out and beat him for all his fine armour and skill in use of sword and horse. The Jew has done no hard work with his hands, as his soft palms show, for many a generation, but he has worked with his head and rules the money market. But one might multiply instances *ad infinitum*. There is not a race in the world but has bred for itself some distinction. It is the proud boast of the Briton—with his field sports and his climate and his clean living—to have developed an energy, and to have backed it with a strength, before unknown in the history of the world.

And, as to this question of breeding the best of men and women, I often think it would be well if a journal were started to collect such facts as may be got directly from individuals and families on the subject, not a pedigree book like Burke's, showing titles and honours, but one indicating the succession of diseased and specially healthful lives, a book that would afford the bases for accurate generalization. Such a work might deal too with the interesting question of the influence of climate and soil and sun on the members of various English families who have for more than one generation been settled in the Colonies, for we know that in many parts our people have already developed in other countries distinct types and features. In many respects the Journal would serve useful purposes and half the money which is spent on one of these social weeklies, which thrive on scandals and follies, would support it.

It is a marvel to remark how animals adapt themselves to their conditions. How, ultimately, creatures survive and flourish under circumstances which would have instantly destroyed their remote, but nevertheless direct, ancestors. Animals, under circumstances which render one sense most essential to them, intensify that sense, under conditions which render certain faculties useless to them, lose those faculties. But thousands of individuals perish away in bringing about these changes which are only very gradual. What faculties may civilized man have lost ; what is he intensifying ? He is losing his senses ; smell and sight are not so keen as with his ruder forefathers, for keen of eye and nose and ear indeed must palæolithic man have been, and strong of hand and foot, to have lived amongst the monsters of his days. His teeth also and his hair are falling away. But he is intensifying his intellectual faculties. He is enlarging his brain and none can tell how this may end. Only this seems certain that he must keep his blood pure and transmit it pure. That he must keep up his physical strength to maintain increased mental strain. That he must take something of the same pains to be healthy that he does to be rich.

At present we see a man poisoning himself with alcohol, or with inattention to elementary health matters, or with some noxious mode of life and we say nothing. Perhaps we admire him and pat him on the back and tell him he is a wonder. He is doing wondrous harm. His children and his children's children may live to curse him and his habits and his friends who abetted him in laying the foundations of their poisoned and unhealthy lives.

Palaces are covering the country now. Palaces for lunatics and idiots, palaces for paralytics, palaces for the deformed. Do all the people who subscribe to them consider whether or not they are contributing to them in any other way than with cash? Though in one sense it is a beautiful thing that these institutions should exist and flourish, yet, in another regard, no spectacle is more melancholy. Some day, perhaps, in schoolrooms and from pulpits sound truths will be more taught as to the way of making *this* life happy and practically wholesome. Some day, perhaps, the authors of an unhealthy offspring will be regarded as guilty of a high public crime as well as of a private wrong, and the livers of notoriously unwholesome lives will be looked upon as highwaymen are now. Then it will be held as a first principle of life and of religion to transmit pure blood and then, perhaps man or woman with the priceless dower of perfect health of mind and body, evidenced by the record of a long line of wholesome ancestry and stamped upon the skin more indelibly than the trusts of modern settlements are laid on parchment, will be as much and more sought after in the marriage market than is now a wan heiress or a rickety peer.

TAVISTOCK, EASTER, 1877.

ERRATA.

Page 8, line 12, "August 29th."

Pages 17 and 18, for "Grahamtown" read "Germantown."

Page 35, for "recission" read "recession."

Page 172, line 28, omit "in."

Page 48, line 18, for "2,500" read "1,500."

FIRST JOURNEY TO AMERICA.

ON the 18th of August, 1872, I left Liverpool for New York, in the *China*. We had a crowded ship, and I had shared a state-room with a man who had been attending an International Prison Congress as representing Massachusetts. He was a remarkably genial fellow, and I had nothing to do in the morning but lift up my knee, exert a little pressure, and he was broad awake and in good humour. We would lie some time talking there. Why should we hurry up? And then we had to decide who should rise first—for it was so evident we couldn't both dress together—and that question always took some time settling, and involved more and more points of discussion every morning. Then I had brought a cake on board, and the Massachusetts man is fond of that, and is generally "on hand" when I am cutting a slice. We touched at Queenstown, and were there long enough to get a walk on the shore, a bath in the sea, and a meal in the hotel.

The feeding on board ship is frightful in volume, and almost continuous. Breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 12.30, dinner at 4, tea at 7, supper at 9,—we eat, like sheep, all day; but the tables are thinly peopled now we are out at sea—not a lady to be seen, and great gaps all down the lines. Every day at noon the Captain makes an

"observation," and then we put our watches back half an hour, and the passage is recorded ; and then, too, all the men meet in the "fiddle" and bet on the distance we shall go by the same time to-morrow. They put up so many numbers to auction and most eager they seem about it all but when are men not—to gamble ?

There are many pleasant people to pace the deck with: Dr. K., who is travelling with Lord D., and Commodore G. and N., too, great at chess, walking about with his board seeking a worthy foeman, and finding none—utterly discomfiting the proud German.

The solitude of the sea strikes one at first greatly. So many vessels making for New York from England, and yet we never see a sail. They say it is only seven miles from the ship's deck to the horizon in fine weather. Such a waste of waters, too. I do certainly entertain great respect for the man who first launched his frail bark upon the ocean ; for Crusoe, also, when he rounded the island ; and for Columbus. Yes, most of all for Columbus. Sailing away, day after day, in such a craft as he had, through this stormy Atlantic, uncertain of his goal ; with his crew half mutinous and half provisioned—a chance, too, of tumbling over the world's edge at any time. A grand old Genoese he was. See his pictures. What a splendid face, with its deep, clear eye, peaked beard, lines of thought on the forehead, and so calm and imperturbable. No wonder the sailors thought him a wizard, and feared to tell their grumblings to him, as he stood there on the deck with his eye on the stars and his hand on a chart.

But why does it rain on the sea ? It seems to be a little idle, and I know it made every one pretty miserable when it did.

A terrible night that of the 22nd. How the old vessel pitched and rolled! "Hallo, C.! are you awake?"

"Awake! I haven't been asleep all night; and how you've slept through all the hubbub I can't make out."

Jugs and basins smashed to bits; C.'s brushes and knicknacks are in my bed, and all my effects lumped together in the corner. Staggered up, but could hardly stand, and felt squeamish. C. refused to rise, but I crawled up on deck. Only a few of the hardy ones there. A sail carried away in the night. I don't feel very like a hardy one, but try to look it, and swagger about like an admiral. But indeed they were grand, those billows. Such a length, pitching our great boat about like a cockle-shell. How she rose, and how she dipped right into them, the water rushing all over the fore parts! Quite a winter's storm, the sailors said. There comes up to me presently a jaunty gentleman. "What do you think of the weather, sir?"

"Well," said I, with the air of Neptune and the tone of an American, "I think the wind is dropping, and we shall have it calmer in the afternoon." Fell on the ear of a miserable sick soul, pale and wan, and burdened with a camp stool, these words of cheer, and he sidles up to me. "Are you acquainted with the sea, sir?" And when I told him this was my first experience, it was quite sad to see his disappointed look, and I felt like an impostor—and was one.

Sat all the day long watching the waves. Towards evening they moderated, but still a deal of pitching.

August 23rd.—Much calmer this morning, and one rather feels a contempt for the ocean—after talking so big and threatening so much, to have done so very little. I have developed a faculty for sleeping twelve hours at a

stretch. It must be the rocking motion that conduces to sleep, for one doesn't deserve it, taking so little exercise, mental or physical.

August 24th.—One would think that, at all events, the plague of insects would not follow one on the sea. But it is not so. Every specimen of the genus "roach" has a home in your berth, and I see them very attentive to my feet in the mornings. These "Mother Carey's chickens" surprise me also. Hundreds of miles from land, skimming about on the ocean like swallows; sea swallows, that's what they are practically. Saw a whale to-day,—a mean creature, with a twopenny squirt. But the porpoises that we saw playing round the vessel, and jumping up and rolling over, were very amusing. Very calm now. The face of a provincial Mayor beamed upon us at breakfast for the first time. The company generally re-assembles. A commonish lot for the most part. The man who sits opposite to me knows everything, or thinks he does. We call him "L'homme qui sait." He drinks porter and champagne mixed. The complacency with which he regards himself and his actions is very amusing. C. says he is very rich. Will the world be overrun and half owned some day by men who are rich and nothing more? The sons of those men who make enormous fortunes in trade in America don't seem to go to college and get into political life, as they do with us. New York is full of them, I hear. Nothing to do but to spend the dollars their fathers made as quickly as possible in the gratification of their own senses.

You soon get accustomed to the ocean. The first day or two you feel annoyed at losing so much time, but you soon settle down to the mode of life. This afternoon C. and I divided the last morsel of the cake,

and then C. fell on his knees and begged of me to send him the recipe ; and I will. Whist this evening—Dr K., Lord D., and N. ; and at night the most beautiful Northern Lights. Corona perfect, and the heavens the deepest red. The phosphorescence behind the vessel also was pretty, and the stars grand.

August 25th.—Sunday service on board by a Presbyterian. Not a ripple on the sea. Hope to be in on Tuesday evening, but the storm put us back at least a day. We're "on the banks" now, and the fogs are thick ; fog-signals every ten minutes, and a double watch set, by whom I like to sit, peering into the gloom and looking out for the iceberg or the vessel which would sink us, as something did that ill-fated *City of Boston*, and other ships that have never been heard of. Read and lolled about all day. More porpoises, and we saw land, Cape Race. The heavens to-night were more beautiful even than last night. In the zenith was a little circle of glory, and from this fell on all sides rays of light to the horizon, these constantly changing in colour, the whole looking like a huge dome of lightest gauze. Disappeared as quickly as it came.

August 26th.—Much entertained with the little American girl in the next berth this morning, who demanded of her nurse "iced water" to wash her hands with ! The passengers are bustling about, for it continues calm, and their appetites have returned. People we never dreamt of as on board now emerge from their hiding-places and sun themselves. Land has cheered every one much, and C. is in great feather at the prospect of seeing his wife and children again, of whom he is never tired of talking. Passed two or three steamers homeward-bound to-day, and saluted them with becoming

honours. In the evening our rubber was interrupted by singing in the saloon—the last night on the sea. The sunset to-night was exquisitely beautiful—a thing not to be described in words or imagined, but only seen. Amused with a Yankee's expression of contempt for rank and title, and then his priding himself next day on the fact of his firm being the oldest in his special trade. Disgusted with two or three Englishmen on board who are always getting up controversies with Americans about the respective merits of the two countries. This sort of thing should be done only when the parties know each other well, and everything is said in good feeling and with good taste.

August 27th.—Land in sight nearly all day; ran by Long Island, which is 120 miles long. Every one on board betting as to the number of our pilot boat, and not on the number only, but on the pilot and everything relating to him. Was he married or single and if married, how many children had he? had he had the measles? would he set his right or his left foot first on the vessel? had he a red tie? would he blow his nose before he came aboard—these were the matters on which bets were made; and he had plenty to do to answer all the questions, and hand us papers, and tell us all the news. He looked more like a jockey than a seafaring man, but, any way, he was "No. 11," and the cause of the change in ownership of many dollars. Great complaints of one lady on board, who has monopolized "Pickwick" the whole voyage! A beautiful harbour New York, and full of life. Strange it seems, after steering so long across the ocean without seeing a sail, to come straight on such a busy place as this. The green of the trees

very refreshing. In quarantine for an hour, then landed the mails, and, after pottering about in a mysterious way for two or three hours, ourselves. What a lot of people waving pocket-handkerchiefs! There we were, twenty yards off the quay-side, for more than an hour; and all the time the poor women and children, having commenced to wave, were bound in love to continue. However, it comes at last—the moment of hugging and kissing. C. is off to try and catch his train. Good-bye to everybody. N. and I are in no hurry, so we sit about and watch the meetings of friends and others, which are not a little affecting; and by-and-bye, with such baggage as we want for the night, we go off to the Brevoort and dine.

August 28th.—I have spent my first day in the empire city. *It is* imperial, cosmopolitan—the elements of every other city rolled into one. Rumbling through it last night, it looked meanly, with its dim lights and broken paving; but to-day I have surveyed it in the glory of an American sun—trudged the length and breadth of it in a heat which they tell me is nothing compared to what has been, but which was potent enough to make *me* seek the shady side of the way. Nothing seems English except the language. “Surely this is France,” is one’s constant thought; the hotels are so French, the shop-windows so French, and the waiters. One immense street—boulevard, rather—stately stores on either side; rattling and roaring; almost choked at times with traffic; seething with life,—that is Broadway, the backbone of an island. At one end, fashion; at the other, business. Roads right and left, leading to water,—the unrivalled harbour, a mile or more broad, both sides showing other cities—Jersey

City and Brooklyn, and, in the western distance, hills, from top to base, pines. No appreciable tide, as in the Thames; clear salt water, too, in lieu of our muddy compound. And to and fro, unceasingly, from city to city, ply these enormous steam ferries. You walk on to them, or you drive, and they move, but you feel no motion. They are as broad as the road, and a sort of house is at either end. It appears as though a bit of the street were detached and moved over to the other side. They steer straight into the opposite roadway, and you drive or walk off without mounting a step, and without a sensation of concussion. We rose early this morning, and started off to claim our baggage—no difficulty with the Customs—and expressed it to the hotel. Then to Wall Street and business. Breakfast at noon with N. Melon, blue-fish, and peaches—quite Arcadian. Purchased some maps; bartered away some solid gold for the diseased-looking paper of the country—no coin here but copper, and that bad—then with merchants and bankers, and at six drove back to the hotel, where we all four dined—Lord D., Dr. K., N., and myself. Dinner excellent. In the evening we strolled up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel—a perfect palace—and to Hoffmann's, where a huge print of Grant flames across the street on linen (like a Derby winner on a pocket-handkerchief). You are craved to vote for him, and informed that "one good turn deserves another."

August 30th.—Whether it was getting wet yesterday, or due to the change of climate, or what, I don't know, but woke this morning with a horrible bad cold on my chest and in my head. Breakfast with N., and all day "down town" on business. P. telegraphs that he will be with me at six from Philadelphia. This is

an unexpected pleasure. At one met N. again, and we started for a trip, after calling at the White Star Office, and booking our passages home alternatively by one of the November steamers. Ferried over to Brooklyn; delighted with the town, and its charming view of the harbour and city of New York; then back to another pier, where we took steamboat. It was a pleasing journey up the Haarlem River—by all New York—Blackwell's Island, where is the prison—Hell-gate, where the rocks endanger the mariner, and which Yankee enterprise is blasting—by Williamsberg, and other towns, to Haarlem. Then out over the swing bridge; took tram—the best-paying trams in the world, and the driver was a capital fellow, and told us everything about them—to Central Park, the pleasure haunt of the New York folk, a fine park barring certain natural disadvantages, well planted, undulating, a zoological garden one side, botanical the other—all free; lions, tigers, and the beasts and birds generally, very clean and sweet; a lake of artificial water, and a cricket-ground, but no one playing, and the turf poor. Then to the other side, and took the cars to Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was initiated into the mysteries of one of these wonderful American drinks. I swallowed as little as possible, and looked as pleased as I could, but I didn't care much for it; a glass of cider would have been far preferable. Then we walked home, and there at six was P.; delighted to see him, and off to dine with him at Del Monico's. P. and I had so much to say to one another that we had hardly time to eat; and by-and-bye came Dr. K., and we smoked, and chatted, and strolled up to the Club, where I was introduced to an infinity of worthies, who gave me a rare

lot of information on one subject and another. Then home at twelve, wrote letters for to-morrow's mail, and to bed, with my head in a sad condition of cold.

August 31st.—Breakfast with P. early, Dr. L. and N. Away with P. to see some marsh lands near Jersey City and Newark; 7,000 acres to be reclaimed at small expenditure,—just the thing for Dutchmen. Cricketers in the hall of the hotel to-day and I started at the sight of flannels and bats. P. knew them all. They were the Eleven of Philadelphia, the best players in the country, playing a match near New York to-day, to which they invited me, but I can't go. They tell me the Eleven of England has made a rare example of the Canadian teams; they anticipate to be beaten themselves, and they asked me to come to Philadelphia and play with them. I held forth on Grace to them, whom they look upon as a demigod. The brownest, heartiest fellows were they, that I have seen this side. Our party broke up to-day. N. goes to Niagara, and purposes to meet me presently in Chicago. Lord D. and Dr. K. to Saratoga. At four o'clock left by the Hudson River Railroad to Millbrook in Dutchess County. Frightful crush, and no chance to get near the ticket office. No porters. A good-natured fellow gave me half his ticket to show as we passed the barrier; so I got into the cars, and by-and-bye paid the conductor. Cars showy, but people always walking through and slamming the door. No one apparently *shuts* a door in this country. At a junction took a branch road which B. owns, passed an overturned train, (*absit omen!*) and at seven arrived at Millbrook Station. Much struck with the free-and-easy train service and management. Every one looks after himself; gets out and in to the cars as he pleases; engine stops to take

water, out get all the folks to take a walk. The views of the Catskill Mountains and of the Hudson River were beautiful. Imagine the Mênai Straits, 100 miles long! Found B. very hospitable; just back from his mines; some Southerners in the house staying. What a beautiful house! Everything you can possibly imagine. My bedroom is a house in itself—three rooms, and superbly furnished. Nothing could surpass the beauty and variety of the carved woods here; black walnut, maple, and Chinese oak especially handsome. Gas in the house, and the rooms so lofty and airy that there is no unpleasantness from it. The house is full of curiosities from all parts of the world. B.'s life is an enviable one; very rich and very active; has travelled everywhere, and everywhere collected everything. Travelled in leisurely fashion, too; three years in the Andes, another year in Alaska, then in California, Europe. Has made this beautiful house himself; laid out the parks and lands; built and owns 200 miles of railroad, three churches, and a town. Eternally doing something which results in something. There is one great trouble, though, and that is the matter of labour. There is so much occupation that neither men nor women will be servants. Politically, charming; socially, inconvenient. B. has solved the difficulty, however, by importing Chinamen. He finds them most faithful and useful servants; and very picturesque they look as, in their fanciful Eastern garb, they glide noiselessly about the halls and corridors; shaved crowns and pigtails to the ground; capital waiters; no fuss, and foresee every want without a call.

September 1st.—Mrs. B. to Sunday-school to teach, every one else to church; all the place to myself. Strolled about. Delighted with the humming-birds.

Blue bird very pretty. Recognized none of the butterflies as British, but *Colias Hyale*, which is very common here. Trees and flora very different also. Americans seem very ignorant about natural history. All is business; no time to study that which is not productive of dollars. B. is well-informed, though. Should like to sit in the sun and talk to one of these Chinamen, but I can't understand what he says, nor he me. Gestures answer perfectly for waiting. The Eastern people understand the charm of silence. Carriage comes back from church, and then dinner. Presently with B. to inspect his farm-buildings, his gardens. I should like to live in his gardener's cottage. Such beds of melons! and a lovely lawn—a rare thing here—and fruits of all sorts. B. cultivates the blackberry, and gets them of enormous size; not so sweet, though, as our wild ones, I think. Tried the native cider, which was but tolerable. In the evening sat and talked; and a very good talk, too. D. had fought all through the war with the South; B. was a Federal; and they talked the matter over quite dispassionately, and I listened and heard much that was new.

September 2nd.—Maladroit Hawi! Not blessed for awaking me so early. Up, however, and breakfast; and driving with B. to the station, caught the 8.5 train. B. has a telegraph wire to his house, and uses this if he's a little late, and they stop the train for him. Rode with him on the locomotive. Rough the road seemed, sharp the curves, stiff the grades, bad the coal. B. manages the railway himself pretty much. Wouldn't let me pay anything, and when I pleaded for the shareholders, said he was the only shareholder. To New York in a drawing-room car. Always heard that there was no distinction of class

in America, and nearly the first person I was introduced to here was Mr. Pullmann, who has made a fortune by introducing a superior carriage. Of course there will always everywhere be distinction of class. Birds of a feather, or of an equal number of dollars, will ever flock together.

September 3rd.—Business, and after with P. over the Government Emigration House. Very interesting; and treated we were with great respect by the officials, who evidently thought we were going to make some report, we asked so many questions. Quite a modern free-slave market—saving the paradox—people of every nation. Talked to a number of emigrants, all civil, all in good spirits; and the system seemed to be handled capitally. In one room there would be a number of men seeking employment as farm labourers, and patiently sitting and waiting till some one contracted with them; in another, buxom lasses, brown as Pan, candidates as domestic servants; and to see the ladies looking them over, and bargaining with them. Not at all prepared to close with the first offer were the girls; they would wait, and they would weigh the *pros* and *cons* ere they settled.

With P. still, to see a new process that is to revolutionize (so they say) the present system of telegraphy—the automatic process. Messages now, it appears, are, on some lines, in excess of appliances for sending them; hence delay and inconvenience. By this plan you can send messages with inconceivable rapidity. The most that can be done with the old needle system is to send 1,000 words in an hour. By this process I sent 100 words in ten seconds, and we telegraphed to Philadelphia and got an answer under the minute.

It is very wonderful and beautiful, and I always feel a little proud of humanity in the presence of power of this class, or in a machine shop, or wherever inert matter is labouring away to carry out the will of man. After hearing a parson call us "worms," and depreciate us roundly, as the manner of some is, it would be a refreshing "counterblast" to stand and watch a Nasmyth's hammer for awhile.

September 5th.--Philadelphia. Here I am in a town of 700,000 inhabitants, and don't know a soul in it that I wot of. That's humiliating, but not all. The hotel, "the Continental," has seven miles of gas pipe in use in the house, bell wire that reaches over twenty miles, and steam tubing six miles; five acres of carpet to boot! You pay so much a day and eat what you like. On the ground floor are shops of every description, and the vestibule is crowded with quidnuncs. Nothing but activity, life, bustle. Servants all negroes. Had a talk with one on the subject of slavery just now. How Sambo kicks up his heels now! And the long words he uses! And, whatever he says, however commonplace, he is always on the broad grin.

"Waiter, a cup of coffee."

"Yaas, sir." And he grins.

"Waiter, what time does the mail close?"

"At five, sir." And he grins.

The one great delight of emancipation has so upset him, and positively impregnated his blood with glee, that he has never got over it, and whatever the expression he wishes to adopt, his organs automatically shape themselves first for those of laughter.

Strolled after dinner through the town--the manufacturing part. Now and then a building of white marble

or brown stone, very fine. The Delaware River also broad and imposing. About ten, another stroll before bed, when who should suddenly tap me on the shoulder but P. His sister on his arm. This, it appears, is the native town of P., though, like the Scotchman, he doesn't spend much time in it. We walked up to the house of him, and we sat and talked awhile; and then we must go to the Union League Club, of which I was forthwith installed a member; a fine building filled with trophies of the war. Introduced to three gentlemen, all friends of P.'s, and we sat till one in the morning, talking of England, of politics, of Egypt, of theology, and most other topics under the sun.

September 6th.—Man is dual, if not plural. One wakes up first, in the morning, physically. Mental functions then discourse with physical functions. How is that dry, hacking cough of yours? One tries the throat. Badly still; what a nuisance this is! Hallo! mosquito ravages on the neck. There he is, the rascal, on the wall, bloated, digesting—an easy prey; your day has come; flop, with the back of the hand, and he lies mangled, and mashed in my blood, confound him, he's none of his own.

Then memory awakens, and all the faculties are talking one to another, and settling the general tone of the composite being for the day. What a pleasure, a bright English morning, to wake and feel the life-blood pulsing through you with a great health gush! No hesitation and yawning, but out of the bed with a bound, up with the window, and into the bath, in an instant, a rush into the morning air as soon as possible. Nothing will hold you. Your spirits fly, and try to make your body keep them company. I don't

believe Eastern Americans can ever enjoy these sensations, they look so listless and oppressed. It's the effect of the climate, perhaps. I've hardly felt my English "go" in me once since I have been here. There is no climate like the much-abused English one for developing energy, it seems. Even the British plants, when introduced into congenial foreign countries, seem to bear down and overrun the native ones in the struggle for existence, and acclimatizers ought to bear this in mind, or they will create troubles somewhere. The old American colonists must have brought over a rare stock of physical energy from England with them, but their descendants seem to have run through much of it and mental energy without the other leaves a poor sort of dyspeptic creature soon. It would be a grand thing if some day a "constitution gauge" were invented which would tell a man exactly what strain his system will bear without breaking, so that he might test it as they do with iron girders. Isn't it just as likely, and, indeed, quite as certain, that a man who overworks himself beyond all measure, and neglects proper times of food and rest, will entail unnumbered woes on his rickety offspring, as a man who poisons his blood with alcohol? One with a good constitution has a thing beyond price, and if he does not conserve it, but ruins it and hands it down impaired, he is morally a criminal, and a great one.

After breakfast, P. comes along with a darkie. He had taken a room for me in a quiet street, close to the Philadelphia Club, of which he has had me made member, *pro tem.*; and he insists I must be his guest; a very kind man, P.

Off, then, from the crowded hotel and its acres to

my quiet little room at Mrs. Griffiths'. Very nice indeed, though I see a mosquito lurking in the corner. Lunched with the P.'s. To the cricket-ground at Grahamtown after, and had some practice in great heat. A good ground; the best club in the country—two professionals. Norley, who used to be at Lord's, recognized me. Fine, manly fellows, these cricketers, and will give our Eleven some trouble when they come here.

September 7th.—I think I was bitten upwards of seventy times on the face and hands last night by mosquitoes. Served me right for reading in bed with the window open but something must be done, or I shall have no face and hands left. To the Club, breakfast, and there I found *Bell's Life* and the *Saturday*, and the English daily papers. Then with P. to the Denver office, to meet L. and talk "railroads." Then to the Town-hall, and to the top, to see the view of the town—quite Georgian; saw the bell that rang out the Independence so lustily that it cracked; Penn's relics; a very good library, and an excellent librarian; asked for two or three rare books, and they had them; no one reading. Then to the Park, and drove round about its 3,000 acres. The Schulkyl River flows through the Park, and the grounds will be very fine when more finished. Lunched on Belmont Hill, where an excellent view of the whole town—as of London from Hampstead—a view Turner would have loved to paint: a river spanned by a bridge; in the distance a city, spires, Girard College, like the Madeleine somewhat, shipping, &c.; over all heat and haze, and in the foreground fine trees.

Much amused with P.'s arguments, first with our

negro-driver, then with a Dutchman ; in both of which he was worsted, especially with the negro. Attempted to catch a boat up the Schulkyll vainly, and nothing for it but to walk up the tow-path to the Falls. Carriages are not easily got in this country. Thermometer 96° in the shade, but we off with our coats and tramped, and really enjoyed the walk. When we got to the Falls we were at boiling-point ; refreshed a bit, and then trudged to Grahamtown to see a cricket-match between two elevens. Grievous to see so many off-balls and full pitches to leg unpunished. All the fields with fans ! All the men in the streets carry fans, and they bring them you in the Club, but I haven't used them. I like to assert my sex. Back by train to P.'s house, and his sister whisked me off to buy a mosquito curtain, and unguents and antidotes, penny royal essence, and hartshorn. Then P. and I went to the Natatorium—swimming bath we should call it in England—and had a delightful swim after all the drouth and dust, a capital place, swimming bath and gymnasium in one, the latter over the former. A novelty was a sliding plank, 20 feet long, at an angle of 45° from the roof to the water. You sit or lie at the top, and away you go with tremendous velocity, plumb into the water ; and the pace is such that you shoot right under, and bob and whirl about in the water—a teetotum in a torrent. I had three turns at it. Dinner at the Union Club, and we witnessed a torchlight procession in honour of Mr. Greeley ; and after dinner a long talk with H. and P., for whom I brewed a claret cup—a mixture they don't understand here. H. discomfited us entirely at billiards, and I won a very singular bet of P. in a very singular way. The manner of it was this. P. had been a long

time in Europe, and yet, as is aforesaid, was very well known in Philadelphia. I had remarked that whenever one of his friends met him he was saluted with one set form of words: "Hallo, P.! how are you? When did you get back?" This was so invariable, and we met so many of his friends in the day, that I made him a wager that when next he met a friend whom he had not seen before, his friend would salute him in just this form of words. Being used, he had not remarked the consistency of expression, so he made the bet. We had both gone off to dress for dinner, and, as it happened, P. was walking up one flight of steps to the Club at the precise moment I was climbing up the other. Between us was a man, friend of P.'s, who had not seen him before. "Hallo, P.! how are you? When did you get back?" says the friend. P. and I, both burst out laughing at the coincidence, and we had to explain to the friend, who at first thought we were laughing at him. This day closed the twenty-seventh year of my life.

September 8th.—Whether it was the heat, or the unaccustomed canopy of net, or being twenty-eight for the first time, or what, I don't know, but I couldn't sleep a wink all the night long. The atmosphere was perfectly stifling, and the mosquitoes were so angry at being baulked of their prey, that they buzzed about angrily till daybreak, and vainly dashed themselves against the net. Breakfast at the Club, and an early lunch, and then by the steamer up the Delaware River to Burlington. Banks not high enough to be very picturesque, but pretty villas on them in places, and a Dutch-like look of prosperity and neatness everywhere. A motley group on board; and we

passed one place where a traveller told me of the frightful nature of the local mosquito—how they bit the men who were sinking iron caissons in the river through the iron, how the men with their hammers nailed the probosces of the mosquitoes against the inside of the caissons, and how the mosquitoes then took to their wings and flew off with caissons, men and all!

Landing, we drove to Oxmead, in the country, ancestral place of the P. family, and settled very early in American history. At present it belongs to P.'s aunt, who lives there with a daughter and an infinity of nephews and nieces. All Quakers; Theeing and Thou-ing us. Pretty gardens, and sickle pears delicious; cedars and catalpas fine, magnolias also; castor beans, okra, and egg-plants. Sat out doors all evening, and talked with the daughter; P. talking to the aunt. We talked about Europe, and England especially. Miss P. has got a little school of negresses, who break her heart nearly with their stupidity. Discussed the great schism amongst the Quakers—the Orthodox and the Hicksites—as bitter as Ritualist and Evangelical at home. She was reading Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," but mostly admired Arnold and Robertson. What a lot of doctrines there do seem to be in the world! Everywhere, in proportion to the morality, as the "sack" of Falstaff to his bread.

Miss P. had been at Vassar College, and told me all about that wonderful place, and the system of education carried out there—quite Tennyson's "Princess" scheme.

P. started off presently with a diatribe against

certain English customs, to which I was in duty bound to reply, and I wound up describing his nation as "a nation without a history, and a people without a pedigree," which I think, we being in his ancestral home, touched him.

A very pleasant evening, but the chorus of insect cries then and all through the night was marvellous,—tree frogs, locusts, grasshoppers, and I know not what.

September 9th.—Drove off early, and took train to Trenton, thence to New York. Good-bye to P., who meets me in Chicago by-and-bye, I hope. There was a young mother in the cars with a baby, who might have sat for a Madonna. In New York by noon, and there found that a clerk at the banker's had sent off, in error, my letters to Boston. Very annoying, as now they must be sent to Buffalo, and I sha'n't get them for a week. Great heat still; over 105° daily in the shade, and at times over 110° . Went over Stewart's store—a prodigious affair. I dined to-night on a dish which our fathers scoffed at, because they hadn't got the right sort in their country—frogs, the eating of which has been cast in the teeth of all Frenchmen by the true Britisher as a scorn and a reproach. Very good, though. The real meaning of "Manhattan" is, I find, "the place where we all got drunk"—Indian; and I've no doubt the old Dutchmen plied the poor savage pretty well with Schiedam when they bought the island for \$25 in beads. One reason why so little wine is drunk in families here is that it is a tradition not to drink wine, grown up from the fact that their ancestors never got a chance of drinking it; none was made here, and they would hardly import it when the colony was young. Another is, that the lust for it has

got out of the blood by the temperance of the ancestors; and a third is that the climate is dry and not damp. Great pity if Young America contract again the habit—most difficult to drop, because socially pleasant and not directly harmful to adopt.

September 10th.—Early up after an indifferent night, and off with Mr. D. by the central railroad of New Jersey to Williamsport. From 8.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M., in the cars; at first through New Jersey State, agricultural chiefly, the Kent of the States, the garden. Here the peaches grow which are selling in New York now at two and three for a penny; and large fields of Indian corn stretch out, the corn interspersed with melons. Across the Delaware and into Pennsylvania; and presently we traverse a wilder country, in amongst the Alleghany Mountains—the American Switzerland, as they call it. The woods are just turning, and 'already the maple is an exquisite red. Principal trees, the hemlock, the hickory, the oak, the pine, the maple, and some sort of aspen or poplar—which grew with great luxuriance. This is the great coal region, and it astonished me to see the development which the mines had undergone. Still, for miles on end we would go through the "forest primeval." Just the single track of rails through the waste; trunks of trees thrown on either side, as thrown there when the line was made; the distance often wild and beautiful in the extreme. Now crossing a gorge of some 200 feet depth over a mere tressel-work of wood—very slowly over these; and as I sat on the steps outside the cars, where I mostly sat, I could see, right down between our two little strips of rail, the rocks and water below; now stopping at some little wayside shanty, hardly a station, with a beautiful Indian name—

what a pity the Americans did not stick more to the Indian names that were to their hand, instead of creating confusion by naming their cities and towns after those of the Old World!—and now skirting some beautiful stream, with the wild deer coming down to drink. It quite braced me, this journey; getting away so thoroughly from the hot pavements and the sickly city. Then we came to the Susquehanna—queen of rivers—and finally to Williamsport, our destination for the night,—a not inconsiderable town, of some 20,000 inhabitants, in the midst of the timber-grown hills, and on the River Susquehanna—one can't write too often that beautiful name. The town is made of timber, and timber has made the town—"lumber," as they call it here, and I never so thoroughly understood the derivation of our verb before. When they have cut down all the timber, what will they do, these lumber merchants, who have built themselves such pretty residences in the town? The cake will soon be gone. Had supper in the hotel here, and was waited on by the most hideous negro I ever saw—positively an Afrite; and after took a stroll through the town with D.

September 11th.—A sudden change of temperature this morning; 30° drop. The Yankee who breakfasted next to me had nine dabs of different things before him—fish, flesh, fowl, everything—and he ate them all together; a little bit of this and a little bit of that, up and down the whole of the nine dishes, and then back again, and, on the top of all, a quantity of hot bread! No wonder that the Americans who live thus are dyspeptic and woeful-looking. Always irritating their stomachs, too, by perpetual drinks of iced water—perfect poison as they use it.

In the cars at once, and over the Susquehanna. Two or three cars floating about the river, and being fished out by men. Scenery much as yesterday, forest, with, here and there, a clearing. At St. Mary's, Dr. M. got in; and at the Daguscahonda we all got out—D., Dr. M., and I. A locomotive was waiting, and took us up the coal line; rather shaky some of the bridges. Then in a buggy over the most frightful ruts to M., named after the Doctor—a little wooden village, in the middle of the forest, untidy in the extreme. The Doctor's house was a mere wooden shanty, and he lives in a most higger-mugger way. Presently dinner, and the Doctor introduced us to his daughter, who waited on us, his wife, I presume, was cooking. This was a social arrangement I had never met with before,—to dine with the father, and to be waited on by the daughter: quite Homeric. But we got through, and then took the springless buggy again. Fine thing that for a diseased liver. Not a semblance of a road in places; and up over timber logs, and through streams, the Doctor talking all the time, and leaving the horses to themselves pretty much. Soon in the depths of forest; wonderfully still. Woodpeckers in numbers, and great hawks; bears, wolves, deer, 'coons, and other animals are here. After driving some ten miles, we got out, tied up the horses, and descended a glen. Here were the coal measures, and the Doctor held forth on the stratifications as we clambered up the bed of the stream and inspected the coal and iron which cropped out at various points. Then round to the River Toby, and home again. The Doctor is a sort of king here, although his subjects are few and widely scattered. He has lived on in this "rough and tumble" fashion, as he calls it, for thirty years. Came here for his health

originally ; settled, physicked the people, opened up mines, colonized, and farmed. A man of considerable energy, but withal stout and perhaps a trifle coarse. Supper, when we got in, with his labourers, Miss M. waiting as before, an odd party. D. had imparted to me his trouble—that the Doctor's accommodation for visitors was confined to one room, which we must share. He was delighted, however, to find that the community extended only to the bed-room ; there were two beds. D. is a regular town bird, and hates to rough it.

September 12th.—Woke much refreshed, but D. had had a sad time. The Doctor don't appear to think any washing apparatus essential to the furniture of a bed-room, so out to the pump, to perform ablutions. Breakfast at seven. Strange that folks who have every advantage for making home beautiful as well as habitable, should so often disregard all but utility. A family living in a mews in London will make their home quite bright with flowers, even to that most difficult of garden grounds, a window sill ; while in full country often, with good air and water and ample soil around, nothing is done in this direction. Here lay all the conditions of the poet's idyllic life ; but they laid latent. Phyllis was neither neat-handed nor beautiful, not even clean. Roses might have climbed and blossomed around the windows ; as it was, unsavoury smells came in. Lambs might have pastured on the lawn where unshapely pigs were wallowing in depth of mire. Depressing spectacle ! A woman with unkempt hair and down-at-heel stockings, and, in the background, pigs and filth. Wondered I could eat, but I did—heartily.

After breakfast, the Doctor started off on horseback to visit some sick man, and a comical sight it was to see him mount on a very sorry steed, and the rudest possible saddle, with one big brass spur, fixed on to his right heel. I was put under the care of the "mining boss," and went off down a rickety shaft, and then up some drifts, examining the coals. D. wouldn't come, but sat up aloft, taking care of my clothes, for I had donned a miner's suit. All the men in the mine were introduced to me by name, and shook hands. Every one shakes hands in this country. Fine fellows they were, of free, independent manners. Inspected several abandoned workings; one particularly bad one, with the water half way up, and only two feet from the water to the roof; productive of back-ache. Returning, dinner with the Doctor and, after that, off to the Toby Creek; a drive of ten miles through the forest; inspected various seams of coal on the road; introduced to the Sheriff of the county—a gentleman of most cadaverous appearance, and the thinnest and meanest attire possible—digging in a field. Quite a shock to all one's preconceived notions of a sheriff, but he assisted the theory that the climate is giving to the American something of the features and colour of the Red Indian. I didn't see the Sheriff's pedigree, however. A great advantage to have some medical knowledge in an unsettled country like this; it is half the secret of the Doctor's influence with the people here. A mother rushes out, on hearing our wheels, from some little wretched hut, and the Doctor dismounts and goes in, and physicks the child, and away we start again. How we ever managed to keep our equilibrium was a mystery, but we did. In places we had to walk through some of the forest, and

over some pretty big hills, where, of course, I was quite at home, and able to distance the lot of them (the Americans are not, as a rule, good foot travellers), much to the Doctor's chagrin, for he had hoped, he said, to have "pounded" the Englishman, who, instead of that, pounded him. Presently we had to cross the Toby River, and built an extemporary bridge over it with axe and pick, and then we surveyed the iron deposits on the other side. Finally, we drove over to the Shawmut property—a pretty valley in the bosom of the forest—where we passed the night in a labourer's cottage. D. would insist that I should have the only single room, and he slept with the Doctor. Poor D.!

September 13th.—Slept like a top. No mosquitoes here. D. had not slept a wink. He told me the Doctor had been turning from one side to the other all night long, and the mildest remark D. had ventured to make was, "Doctor, have you anything on your conscience?" The Doctor's excuse was that he could not get his head "located." Donning miners' clothes, we started round the works. I went into all the drifts with a miner, some of them 1,200 feet into the mountain, all disused. In one of them we found an old trolley, and the miner pushed me along in this through the water, till suddenly both our lamps went out, and we had to beat a sudden retreat, for this was the effect of foul air. The seams are splendid; indeed, the whole property is magnificent, and one would like to settle and manage it. A beautiful valley, well watered, with trout streams; forest all round, full of game; 300 workmen; mines to open; a railway to construct. There was an admirable site for a house, away from the huts. Notwithstanding all I had heard from others, I was surprised at the richness of these

properties. The recent owners, however, have demonstrated clearly that the properties are useless without a railway ; and, indeed, how men of business should have spent so much money in developing the properties before they were assured of their market, I can't conceive. To lunch, after the explorations, with D. and the Doctor ; telegraphed to the Pittsburgh and Erie Road to stop the trains up and down for us,—free and easy plan this. Then we got on the Shawmut locomotive, and drove along the private line through the forest ; very beautiful, so still, and so much variety of vegetable and animal life, about sixteen miles. The anachronism of riding on a locomotive through the depths of these forests, without seeing a human being or a hut, and with all the wild life around, strikes one. At last we reached the top of that famous folly, the Switch-back. There is a descent to the main line of about 350 feet, and the engineer has managed this by running the line in zigzag fashion down the hill, so that the cars run of themselves. The waste of labour, of iron and grading, is, of course, enormous, and the expense of hauling up again very great. Arrived at the junction of the Pittsburgh and Erie Railway, we sat on the engine to await the arrival of the main line train, which was late two hours. Then came a crisis. The Doctor seemed to have a preconceived notion that no Britisher was happy in his entertainment unless he were assisted by a bottle of champagne. Oppressed with this idea, the Doctor had produced at every meal—and had, in the intervals, carried in his pocket—a quart bottle of this drink. Where it came from originally were difficult to say ; the Doctor said “it had been given him.” Now, if there be one drink more adulterated than another, it is cham-

pagne and, at the best, I have but a poor opinion of it. Besides, one likes to observe the "eternal fitness of things." Champagne in London, perhaps, but spring water in the forest. Well, D. and I had steered clear of the danger up to this point, and we fondly hoped that the bottle would return whence it came, and not be trotted out again till the arrival of the next Britisher. But no; here on the locomotive, as I was drying my clothes at the boiler, the Doctor insisted on opening the bottle. "But you've no glass, Doctor." He was equal to the occasion, and produced a rude-looking tin, and so D. and I had to swallow this filthy, nauseous, warm poison, and to smile over it and look as if we liked it. And not once, nor twice; for the engineer of the locomotive, to whom I looked for relief, would none of it. Really, though, the Doctor's face of satisfaction and exultation, as from consciousness that he had done the right thing, when the cork flew up with a bang towards the heavens, was worth the infliction almost. When the train came up I got on it, "good-bye" to D. and the Doctor, and off to Erie. An unpleasant ride, on account of the cinders and the drunkards—got me there at nine in the evening. Country much the same as before, but less wild. At Erie, the great hotel of the place had just been burned down, so unable to get a bed-room I had to sleep in a parlour with three others.

September 14th.—Awakened early by a negro who was looking for some one who wished to be called at five o'clock—they'd forgotten who. Market day in Erie, and grand cackling of hens and gabbling of women under the window. Had slept well under the circumstances, though I had a consciousness that people had been coming in and going out of the room all night. One

of my companions told me at breakfast that he had not slept a wink all night, although very tired. And yet why should he be afraid of me, or I of him? Indeed, of the two I was far the more ruffianly-looking. In all nine people, including the original three, had passed the night in our room. Breakfast at seven, and then a stroll round, and to the lake,—no lake to the Britisher's ken, but a sea. Arrived in Buffalo at 2.30, after a pleasant ride by the shore of Lake Erie, through a country agricultural, but not beautiful. At Buffalo got letters, and wrote some, dined, took a walk through the city, studied the immense elevators on the shore of the lake, picked up my baggage, which I had shipped from New York, and off at 6.30 to Niagara Falls. Came along with a man who had been groom to Lord Leigh at Stoneleigh, but who is now quite the gentleman—a carriage gentleman. A beautiful twilight, and then moon. Crossed the Suspension Bridge, and landed safely in British territory at the Clifton House. First man I saw, in the hall, was Farrands, the bowler at Lord's. The English Eleven are staying here. After supper, strolled down to see the Falls better,—grand in the moonlight, with spray towering up 300 feet. A little disappointing, in the height of fall itself. A ball to the guests at the Clifton House, but I preferred mooning about by the Falls till the hubbub was over, to dancing.

September 15th.—Sunrise on the Falls, and promise of a glorious day. Met W. G. Grace in the morning as I was starting for a walk. They have won everything so far, but I promised him tough work at Philadelphia. Explored the Horse-shoe Fall, and had it all to myself, for folks were mostly abed still. Sat

awhile there, then on by the rapids along the Canada bank for miles till the rapids ceased, and the river flowed calmly and peacefully from out Lake Erie.

Explored the sulphur spring there, and then sat down on a ledge of rock by the river in the sun, took off my shoes and socks, and rolled about in perfect luxury for about two hours; saw the trout leaping, the American jay and the blue-bird darting about, and beautiful butterflies, that were new to me, hovering over beds of Michaelmas daisy—in great plenty here—and other wild flowers, which I had never seen before. All the while there croaked two old ravens on a tree near, and the noise of the distant Falls fell soothingly. Sorry to leave, but neither sights nor sounds will wholly satisfy one's nature; so back to dinner, through the fields. Then by the Falls again, and later *down* the Canada side towards Lake Ontario, some miles. Saw the beautiful Railway Suspension Bridge, recently built, two miles below the Falls; not so light and shapely, though, as the foot-bridge above, which is a perfect miracle of symmetry. By this, the moon was up in glory, and to the Falls again till bed-time. . . . Who shall describe Niagara? Every one knows her topography, how there is the larger—the Horse-shoe Fall—on the Canada side, and the smaller on the American, with Goat Island between them—the two falls being at right angles, the rapids above leading down to them, the water rushing and seething and hurtling to get over, away into the quiet depths beyond. But no one can appreciate her grandeur till they have seen her. In the distance you are disappointed—you think; it is not so high, the fall, as you expected; but get up to it, get on the ledge of rock at the side of it—the Horse-shoe Fall

I mean ; see the immensity of the volume, the width of it, the depth of it,—how green it is, how it thunders ; round on all sides, almost in semicircle ; how great streams of water, each of which would be a river, fall over and are spray ere they reach the bottom ; but in the centre the water defies the air—the huge mass rushes down intact, converging from every point ! How can mortal rocks stand it ? To what depths does it go ; trees, disappearing, reappear miles below. You can discern nothing of shape. There, in the centre, one great solidity of water, amid surf and steam and foam, indistinguishable, indefinable, but always there ; and around, ascending up, through rainbows in masses, clouds of spray, coloured with every hue under heaven, high above the summit of the Falls, floating away in light white vapour. And then descend, creep under those ponderous concave rocks, with a quailing and a thought of the men who asked the mountains to fall on them, get under the water and look up—the water standing as a column—and then below, at the hurly, the whirlpool. What an atom you feel ! Try to speak, to shout, most strident among men, hundreds together,—who can hear you ? How you feel inclined to fling yourself in amongst the thick of it, and to see what would happen to you ! The pleasure of that death were almost worth a life ; and, indeed, if a man had resolved—some stoic of old—on death, I can imagine no grander way of accomplishing his end. You would start in a boat, far away beyond the rapids, in the placid stream ; no one could interfere with you, no shout could reach you, no one could save you ; there could be no turning back—that placid-looking stream has a terrible power below it. When you near the rapids, how fastly you shoot them—

how the roar of the falls fascinates you ; with what a fearful pleasure, with what a frantic yell, you leap over at last, head first, then whirled around, striking out with the arms as to swim, body done with ere you reach the bottom ! But the spirit—that must come up, must get into the air somehow, off to its destination somewhere : what a time it would have—what depths it would explore—what wonders it would see—what a weak, saturated, draggled spirit it would be when it emerged ultimately ! How could it possibly fly ?

Perhaps I am writing extravagantly ; but really, when one thinks of the risks one runs daily—of being killed in the street, perhaps by a cab, and dying in the gutter, or from slipping up on an orange peel, being knocked on the head in a lane, or meeting some other mean and inglorious death,—one feels tempted to make sure of this exciting end, a modern Curtius.

Tradition says, the Indians used to hold great meetings by these Falls. A grand idea. What a place for a Parliament ! Think of the mandate going forth into depth of forest and width of prairie for all men to come together to talk at the Falls. Think of them filing down in wampum and war-paint—none crooked or sickly—the hoary Sachems at their head ; all silent too, mostly naked, with feathers of eagles on their heads ! But stop, this is poetry ; and here comes a party of vulgar girls and vulgar men, some American, some British, giggling and chattering and glorying in their oil-skin cloaks and dresses, brimming over with, “Oh my !” and “Awfully stunning !” This is the glorious nineteenth century, age of civilization and improvement ; and lo ! they have a drunken guide, and have paid fifty cents admission. The Indians have

given place unto these, and now we are back again to sober prose.

September 16th.—Bathed before breakfast, under the Falls, in the sun ; water very warm, the air very cold. After breakfast, crossed the Suspension Bridge to Goat Island. Clad in a suit of flannel provided for the purpose, descended with a guide to the Cave of the Winds, hollowed in the rocks immediately under the American Fall. List shoes on one's feet to prevent the slipping. Over wet rocks and rickety boards round the stream of water, and then into the cave. It is well named. Æneas never had such an experience in the cave of Æolus. The force of the falling water is such as to create a never-ceasing rush of wind into, round and out of this recess. Wind ! it is not wind, pure and proper, but a mixture of equal parts of wind and water. The spray, as if impelled from a blowpipe, goes through you, takes away your breath, and wholly forbids eyesight. With closed eyes, averted head, and deafened ears, you take hold of the guide's hand, and cautiously venture out one foot, first feeling the board, upon which not to tread would be destruction. A little out of the hurly, the guide bids you look up, and dimly you see the immense torrent of water pouring over, first the rocks, then your head, and crashing down at your feet sixty yards, with a strength unknown ; then you climb up the winding stair again, dry and clothe yourself, pay your fee, and feel wondrously exhilarated from the effects of this Nature's needle bath. Passing a lady who was sketching the Falls in a very wooden way, much better to leave it alone,—it would be hopeless even for Turner,—I climbed the Horse-shoe Tower, from which there is an ex-

cellent view of the Horse-shoe Fall from the American side, and thence you can evolve theories as to the effect of time upon the Falls, their recession, &c. By now, it was noon, and the rainbow over the American Fall was a perfect circle. Returning, I saw my poor artist had got a thing like a variegated crinoline sticking out in the foreground of her picture. From this tower I watched with interest two swallows start to fly over the Falls, they got as far as the centre, and then, baffled and distracted with the noise and spray, dropped and fell in—fit subjects for an elegy. Then to the Sister Islands, and a walk on the American bank to the “whirlpool,” about three miles below the rapids, and where, it is said, things shooting over the rapids reappear. After dinner at three, in the train to Lewiston by a road that ran parallel to Niagara River, on the high ground. Lewiston is the port on the Lake Ontario, and from thence I presently took boat to Toronto, on the Canada side. A little ragged-looking boy at Lewiston, of whom I bought some peaches, told me that he sometimes made two dollars a day—8s.! Think of that, Dorset labourers, working all the week, from sunrise to sundown, for very little more. A child of eleven earning money at the rate of £150 a year! He got his peaches from his grandfather for nothing, however, and perhaps he lied about his profit, but I do not think he did. Moreover, the peach season is a short one. It was a beautiful sail on the lake, which was as calm as a mill-pond—full moon in the sky and on the water. Arrived at Toronto about nine; no letters there, and had just established myself at the hotel, when, hearing that two gentlemen wanted to see me, I trotted off to the Toronto Club: these were two Macs, McM. and

McC. McM. full of a Michigan Railway, and had made arrangements for me to start with him next night into that State. I really did not want to go, for my idea was to see Montreal and Quebec, and the St. Lawrence River; but he was so enthusiastic, and his countenance fell so when I hinted that I would rather not go, that I consented to go. I shall see a deal of the country, and it's on the way west, and it is much pleasanter travelling with a specific object; still, I am obliged to give up the journey down the St. Lawrence.

September 17th.—McC. round to breakfast, then McM. comes. A nuisance to be asked "what one thinks of a country" like America, in an off-hand way! Of course one thinks a good deal, but it's impossible to put your thoughts into a glib sentence and rattle it off in the streets. It is ridiculous to ask such general questions. Off to call on E., and then to his uncle, the Attorney-General—a very pleasant man; a long talk with him on Canada and Canadian politics; and he enlarged upon the love of his country for the home country, and their strong dislike of American institutions; told me of Goldwin Smith, too, and his experiences. Then to call on other friends, and luncheon at the Club with E. and some friends of his; after to the Law Courts, which are very integral, and well arranged; a fine library, legal and general; heard Mr. M., leader of the bar, plead; much struck with his style; thirty-three years of age only, and in that position! Then to the University; introduced to Dr. McCaul, who took me over the place; examination going on, and I shuddered at the look of a Greek paper; spent some time in the library—very full of books, and arrangement excellent; round the park in a carriage, and to the cricket-ground,

and back to the hotel; took towels, and off to meet S. We rowed in his boat across to an island of sand, about two miles out in the lake; a good swim, and then we rowed back. Dinner at the Toronto Club: quite a banquet, ten of us; two M.P.s, who spoke sadly of the bribery they practised. After dinner, pool, in which great fortune attended me; then an all-round talk, and to the hotel at midnight and off to the depôt to catch train to Michigan; took a sleeping car with McC. and McM. Sorry to leave Canada so soon. A different tone, somehow, amongst the people here to that prevalent in the States; you don't feel here as you do there, as the stranger contemplates you in hotel or car, that he is thinking who you are, what your business is, and how many dollars you are worth. You don't feel that there is so much of the "shake-the-fist-in-the-face" and "I-don't-care-a-darn-for-any-one" independence about in the air; and I think the last thing a Canadian hopes for is annexation to the States.

September 18th.—Woke with a sense of a most comfortable night, spent in a railway car; a real bed and real sheets; washing apparatus all complete, and some 250 miles from where we started. About 10.30 reached Sarnia, the frontier town; breakfast, and across the ferry at the end of Lake Huron to Port Huron; the customs passed, took train to Ridgway; there at noon; magnates to meet us—Judge C., Colonel B., Mr. M., &c.; a locomotive and carriage also, which ran us up to Romeo, through a very well tilled country. There the line ends, and my friends had to survey that which is to be built. Dinner in a country inn, and then the whole party, in two carriages and pairs, very smart, started off for thirty miles along the road, through Washington and Rochester, on to Clinton

and Auburn, all villages. A purely agricultural country, good roads and wondrous apple crops; ovations greeted us at each village; supper at Pontiac, and to midnight with plans and papers. A grand state fair to-morrow at the Rapids, 200 miles off; but I must see Detroit, and as time would not allow of doing both, we split the party. The Judge and M. and McC. and McM. went off by the night train to the Rapids; I to bed for awhile.

September 19th.—Early by rail to Detroit with Colonel B.; there by 11 A.M.; city of 100,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on the Detroit River, which, starting from the Huron Lake, runs through Lake St. Clair to Lake Erie. Went to all the railway depôts—five—and witnessed the enormous goods traffic—in flour chiefly, but also in everything utilitarian, stoves and pumps, iron in all shapes, thousands of cases, chairs, shovels, and beds innumerable, going to the great West, and from there, in exchange, comes all farming produce. Walked over the town, and climbed to the top of the tower of the Town-hall, the Colonel keeping up religiously all day—groaning rather over that climb, but he would come. A fine view over the town and country, which is as flat as a pancake. Then across the river to the Canada side, and inspected Windsor and the depôt of the Great Western of Canada. Finally, back again to Pontiac.

These Americans age quickly. The Colonel says he is forty-seven; he is perfectly white, very wrinkled, and looks seventy. America, outside the large Eastern cities, is, to my mind, essentially the place for the poor man whose capital consists mainly in head and hands; not for the rich to dwell in if they wish to enjoy the

comforts and refinements of life. Comfort there is little, and refinement, as we understand the word, none. Little talk but of business; meals a scamper; social life hardly exists. These men we are with now, though some of the highest in the State, and shrewd enough, are crassly ignorant of the things we learn at school. American education, of which we hear so much, gives to the masses a knowledge of the three R's, but that's pretty well all. Then they must to business, and to business they stick all their lives. They've no inducement to retire—nothing to fall back on. No interest in literature, in art, or in athletic sports. The few who like these things go to live in cities like Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, or to Europe. Three things one yearns to see, after being here awhile—an English lady, an English meadow, and an English joint! An English country inn, too. But, indeed, most things English one will doubly appreciate on return. Better fifty years of England than a cycle of this country, save for business purposes, always. Those who have not money should make it here, invest it here, but spend it in Europe. It will go farther, and they will fare better. Then the country is, I think, for such an extent, in these middle States, uninteresting and unpicturesque in the extreme—so eternally flat; until we reach the Rocky Mountains, not a respectable range of hills shall we see. Hundreds and hundreds of miles, you travel over one eternal monotone of plain and forest. These lakes, too, lose all the beauty of lakes in their immensity. The English lakes, the Swiss lakes, nearly all lakes, are surrounded by mountains. These dreary wastes of water are only surrounded by drearier wastes of land. A lake on which you can steam for two days without sighting land is no lake.

In my short visit I shall manage to see a little of most phases of American life ; some of the Eastern cities, the coal fields, the forests, the lakes ; very little of Canada ; then the great central cities that have sprung up so rapidly, and developed so marvellous a commerce—Detroit, Kansas, Chicago, St. Louis ; the plains and prairies after ; the cities of the West ; the mining region ; and lastly, the Rocky Mountains. If I could only find time to go on to the Pacific, and then back to St. Louis, and down the Mississippi, and through the South, that would complete the round.

September 20th.—At six this morning the party returned from the Grand Rapids. Back with blare of bugle, colours flying, and all the town agog ; full of all they had seen,—the trotting races, the shows of stock and fruit, the fun of the fair, and the 50,000 people assembled. Hardly purchased, I thought, with two nights of travel, and a band and an altercation in every car. Yawned all day, all of them. The Judge came down in the morning to have a talk with me, and after, drove us up to his farm, where he had some very fine stock, and back with him to dinner. A large party, but dinner all hugger-mugger. In fact, American hospitality in these parts excels more in quantity than in quality. The rapidity of action, the mixture of irreconcilable things, the eternal tea, the absence of refined manners and anything like a dinner-talk, all combine to make meals here, mostly, very sad performances. After dinner, Mr. L. and the Judge drove us round "the Lakes"—a pretty cluster of some ten or twelve small lakes, about seven miles from Pontiac, some one, some two, some three or more miles round. The drive was enjoyable, but more so the society of Mr. L., with whom I drove. He

had been six years American Consul in Manchester, knew England well, had associated much with both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, and he asked us to tea with him. So we went, but not before McC. and I had had a row with two Pontiac men in a four-oar on the lake, which we liked, only that one Pontiac man kept catching crabs, and nearly upset the boat. Mr. L. had an excellent library—a rare thing here—and a quiet, lady-like wife of some fifty summers; a pretty house, too, on a lake, and well furnished. A drive home in the moonlight closed the day.

September 21st.—England is no longer *the* nation of shopkeepers. This is. Not a soul but engaged in trade; and in this out-of-the-way part no social distinctions have been formed as yet, but every one is as good as the other, and none is greater or less than another. The man behind the bar in the inn shakes hands with me in the morning, and offers me to drink,—cigars also, and won't let me pay. This same man I heard, and I say it to his credit, decline to serve a man with drink who had had enough in his opinion, and positively refuse to sell a woman a bottle of brandy because she could not give a satisfactory account of what she wanted it for. In the morning, some talk with the Judge, and then taken up to the bank, to a meeting of fourteen directors. That over, we packed, and all started in two carriages for Jackson—nearly 100 miles off. The day was perfect, and the scenery refreshing—by lakes, through woods, orchards, farm lands; nothing very striking, but pastoral and still. We dined at Commerce, then on through Milford to Brighton, where we slept. Again ovations greeted us at every little village, and who can tell how

many hands we shook — the publican and all his guests, the tradesmen and all their customers, every one we came across. "Mr. Tim Smith" (some worthy citizen), "Mr. — from London." "Mr. —, very glad to make your acquaintance, sir. How are you, sir? I hope I see you well, sir." A shake of the hand at every pause, and then the eternal question, "What do you think of our country, sir?" This a hundred times over. At Brighton, the most wretched accommodation; McC. and I were portioned off a room like a cell, and a bed of board with a sack on it. Ultimately, McC. got the cook's room, and I rolled up in my rug on the floor, for the bed was already tenanted with horrors of insects, and rolled and wobbled about till morning.

September 22nd.—Off by six, breakfastless, McC. and I, for the Briton within us could not stand, hungry as we were, the filthy compounds set before us. A drive of twenty miles brought us to Pinckney. Here a better breakfast, the usual salutations, and then in the carriage again, to get to Jackson. No place to dine in, so we turned into a farmer's. Rather a tax on hospitality, you'd think, seven hungry men turning in without notice or knowledge. But Mrs. Hubbard, a worthy brown soul with big black eyes, was quite equal to the occasion; the horses were fed, and presently we were all round a right big pie—pasty I'd call it, pie is too diminutive. Five pigeons and an equal number of fowls lay there interred, "imbedded and injellied," as Tennyson says in describing such an one. Mrs. H. and her pasty shall never be forgotten by a grateful hungred. Mr. H. carved it as for Titans—a true but gross simile, if our condition *after* the pasty be con-

sidered. Then hey for the huckleberry tart and the cream galore, and all the other produce of the farm. It is hardly necessary to wish, Mr. H., that "all your works may prosper that e'er you take in hand," for you looked like prosperity itself in your well-stocked farm by the margin of a pretty blue lakelet. Reached Jackson by 8.30, after a rather tedious drive of fifty-three miles. McC. and I in the same room again, and, alas! mosquitoes also and they poison McC. even more than they do me.

September 23rd.—Woke at 3 A.M. A splendid thunder-storm over the town. Early up and round this prosperous, ugly, manufacturing place. The usual introductions, shaking of hands, and doffing of hats. After, a drive out to inspect the works of the Michigan Central Railway. Much interested, specially in an engine that had just come in from a roll down an embankment—a shattered and battered debauchee of an engine. Then to the prison, and taken over by the Governor. The system is admirable. Every prisoner plies some useful trade. In one part they make a waggon an hour. Instead of the deadly dulness which often pervades the insides of English prisons—I speak as a visitor—here were smithies, and carpenter's shops, and tailors, and cigar-makers; a perfect hive of industry, and all as systematic as could be. The labour is let. The State takes the wages, and the prisoners thus keep themselves and leave a balance to boot. A prisoner shortens his term by industry and application; when his time is out his expenses are paid to the place whence he came, and he has acquired the knowledge of an useful trade.

Took the cars at twelve, on the Michigan Lake Railway, for Chicago—some 200 miles. Through a flat and

farming country, with, here and there, a forest, till we skirted Michigan Lake, and there dunes of sand like snow-drifts, and as white. We had free passes on the road.

Into the great city by night, and up along its streets—palaces rising out of cinders—to the Sherman House. There my letters came on from Toronto, and my baggage. Faithless P. telegraphs he cannot meet me as arranged.

By the way, I saw for the first time two Indians—natives—to-day, but dressed like "modern English gentlemen," sad-looking men, with black eyes and hair—the blackest black I ever saw. Pity the Indian don't keep to his wampum and war-paint; he's nothing without them, and indeed commonplace in choker and high-lows. Soon all picturesque costumes will be banished from the earth. The world will be made no brighter with every one dressed in black, and hats and coats. Suppose it were the fashion now to set up friezes in our rooms and public buildings depicting modern life as, of old, the Greeks did representing their life. How sorry a figure the nineteenth century would make in the contrast. Instead of shapely men, unclothed; wrestling, hurling; on barebacked steeds or driving chariots furiously, standing erect and calm the while, we should have men in Ulster coats, an omnibus, a Hansom cab, Pickford's van, sandwich-men, men carrying black bags—some such procession as goes every day and all the day down Oxford Street. Instead of a philosopher, walking and teaching, dressed in a single robe, or a poet reciting, we should have a parson in a shovel hat and a hurry, or a bishop with pudding-sleeves—and the man of war with shield and short-sword and sandals would be replaced by the guardsman in contract boots and busby!

September 24th.—An early trudge over the city; a wonderful place. On all sides, from masses of rubbish, rise enormous buildings. Streets full of bricks and building material; people walk up and down the middle of them, wary of the falling stone and choked with the frightful dust. Industry pervades the place, appalling in its intensity. The hotel is in a state of siege all day long; a crowd round the office three deep; we luckily had booked rooms beforehand. Got round to the banker's at nine, and there more letters. All the morning at railway work, and all the afternoon writing letters. In the evening we gave a dinner to the Judge, Colonel B., and the rest of the railway party. McC. was in great glory, and ordered the dinner. Drank native wines—to my taste very good, for they smack of grape. Was ever seen such a medley as our bill of fare? And the wine list, for curiosity in prices: four shillings for *drawing the cork* from a pint bottle! Negro servants all. At nine, the party broke up; the Judge remains to finish details with me to-morrow; and in the evening McC. and I, who travel on together for a bit, took a stroll. A man was shot in the street last night, but they make no fuss of that. The heat is very great again.

When one contemplates this city, one can only think—to reduce it to anything one has known before—of a disturbed ant-hill. Ants running about all over the hill building up what has been destroyed with the things they carry. Yesterday we were “interviewed” by the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* here—the leading journal in the city—with a result apparent in this morning's paper. There we figure as “English capitalists” looking out for investments in “our” country. A proud title, and as false as proud.

September 25th.—What a bore our bodies oft-times are! Half our lives are spent in resting and washing and feeding and combing and currying and exercising and doctoring them—a great deal more than half indeed—and then of the little time they leave us for mental pursuits and pleasures, they monopolize a great quantity with inertness and indisposition reacting on the mind. I hadn't been up long this morning before I discovered that I was suffering from an acute irritation of the skin—neck and chest, and hands and feet—and looking in the glass, I discover that I am all over a white rash. McC. says at once that it is "prickly heat;" he has had it; very painful, and will last a fortnight; peculiar to this climate—the result of the sudden alternations of cold and heat. Engaged on business with the Judge and others all day; took a run with McC. through the town, trying vainly to find a "copyist," got choked with dust and lost our way. In the evening the Judge went off home and about half an hour before we were starting, along comes Y.; talked to him till time to start, when McC. and I took a "sleeper" to St. Louis—some 230 miles away.

September 26th.—A comfortable night in the top berth. McC. had the under, but could not sleep, the dust annoyed him so much and the noise. Up betimes, and stood some time on the platform inspecting the flat and uninteresting country we were traversing. A little way out of St. Louis, they ran a dining car on, and we breakfasted. An excellent breakfast, spinning along at thirty miles an hour the while. I told the conductor we were Englishmen, and had never sat down to breakfast in a car before and he seemed to take an interest in making everything as comfortable as possible. Now

we were skirting the Mississippi—a disappointing river ; flat banks, muddy water, a mile wide. On the other side was St. Louis, as fine a city as I have seen this side. Out of the train, and with baggage into coaches—we on the roof ; and to see the fellow drive down the stony bank of the river, with his four-in-hand, one wheel two feet higher than the other at times, and then right on to a steamboat which was in waiting ! Not a cent cared they for our safety, I believe. 'Twas which should get on board first ; six coaches in all, drivers racing and shouting down the hill. All right, though ; and then we were ferried across, and driven up to the town, to the Southern Hotel—a fine building, spacious and airy, and not overcrowded. McC. and I shared an excellent room overlooking the city. Called on H., who undertook to get my business documents copied. A strange thing was that although Mr. H. had no idea that I was in the United States, much less in St. Louis, the very moment I entered his room he was engaged in reading a letter he had just received from England, in which my name was mentioned. Of course he stared, and I daresay thought to himself, “Talk of the devil,” &c. An excellent dinner at the hotel, and then inspected the great bridge they are building across the Mississippi. Two piers of splendid masonry standing 150 feet in the water, and above it 200 feet. Spans to be of steel tubes, one screwing into the other, but not up yet. Tubular for railways, and foot and carriage-way above. As fine a bridge as any in the world when finished, but many British sovereigns will have to be turned into American dollars before that is the case, I fancy. Then over one of the great river steamers—a real floating hotel, 322 feet by 56, and drawing, empty, only two feet of water,

forward, and four feet aft, so they tell me—cost £100,000. There is brisk competition now going on, and either of two river lines will carry you 120 miles for nothing! pay only for your food. "They are just seeing which has the longest purse," said my informant. Walked over the town and bought some photographs. Spent the evening in the Mechanics' Library and Reading Room, where we found the *Times* and *Daily News* up to the 10th. The library most excellently stocked. Met G. and his father, the Commodore, at the hotel on my return, and talked with them till bed-time. To-day I heard a story worth repeating, as illustrating the devotion of American youth to business. Floating lumber down the Mississippi is, or was, a great trade with St. Louis folk, and the story goes that on one occasion a lumber merchant despatched his two sons, James and Jerry, with a lumber raft, which they were to float down to New Orleans and sell—a distance of some 2,500 miles, and a journey of no slight risk. In due course the father received a letter from James, the elder of the two sons, dated from New Orleans. He stated that he had had a successful voyage—that it had cost so much—that the timber had realized such a sum, leaving a balance to profit of so many dollars—subscribing himself dutifully, "Your affectionate son, Jim." Then followed a post-script: "P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that Jerry died on the way down."

September 27th.—A most luxurious bed and a mosquito bar. Had the prickly heat all night. Breakfast with the G.'s, and then to the top of the Town-hall to see the town. General H. comes along presently with a Mr. B., and took us a drive round the city in his carriage—to Shaw's Gardens, too, the great resort of the town. Shaw

is a Scotchman. Made a fortune here, keeps up these gardens free and gives a park to the town to-morrow. The St. Louis people are very proud of "Shaw's Gardens," and I was particularly told not to come away without seeing them. I am glad I didn't, for now I know that the vaunted gardens cannot approach an ordinary English country squire's gardens in any way. Terms to which one has been habituated applied to things to which one is unaccustomed, mislead one. "Banker," for another instance. We in England look with a degree of respect on the term, and attach the incidents of some degree of wealth and position to it, at all events. But your sentiments on this subject are sadly shocked when you find, as you do in the West, a man carrying on, on one side of his shop the business of a banker, and on the other that of a barber, or perhaps a vendor of "pop." It's hard to the Britisher to come at all round such a notion of a banker. Dined at Mr. H.'s house—dinner is at mid-day here, throughout—oysters in three forms, prairie chicken, ices, and fruits of all kinds; excellent native wine, and some sherry in liqueur glasses with our coffee. H. has been in Europe. Looked over Mr. B.'s pictures, the best collection in St. Louis—two fine Bierstadts, but the rest poor, and the whole collection did not cover the walls of a small dining-room. H. lent us his carriage for the afternoon; so to the bankers, to get some money, and back to the hotel; saw MaC.* on to his steamer down to Memphis, wrote a lot of letters, and just managed to catch the night train for Kansas City. Just managed, I say, for all St. Louis was that night

* Many fellow-cricketers and others will remember sadly our cheery friend.

astir and ablaze with a political demonstration. Crowds in the streets yelling and shouting and gaping ; what they wanted, or what were the great principles for which they were making such a fuss, I could not glean. The only real question at issue in this general election seems to me to be which party shall enjoy office and incidental plunder for the next four years. The papers are full of nothing but vituperation and personalities. Men must always have something to shout about at times, and to get drunk for the benefit of, whether it be Greeley or Grant, as here, or purple or yellow, as in Kent—helps the tone of the system political and physical. When driving through Michigan the labourers used to take us for a political party, and take off and wave their ragged hats and yell, "Hurrah for Greeley!"

September 28th.—In jotting down the bare fact that one goes from point to point, what a rare lot of luggage—booking and train-catching one includes. However, I've lost nothing yet—neither train nor baggage. An author introduced himself to me last night, and offered me two of his works to read. A very good night in the sleeping car—through a heavy rain. Woke up at 8, and at 9 A.M. was in Kansas City, 230 miles from St. Louis, on the muddy Missouri. At the hotel W. B., my old schoolfellow and friend, was to meet me, but he telegraphs he is ill, and cannot travel. He and two other schoolfellows of mine have settled somewhere south of this, where they farm, breed horses, and hunt generally. Kansas is a real western city, and they are having just now what they call a "high old time." It is fair time. It is easy to see where the British "navvy," whose disappearance from England after the construc-

tion of our general railway system was so remarked, went. They and their descendants are thronging these streets and this hotel—trooping in, on spirited horses, bare-backed, sunburnt faces under shapeless hats. I breakfasted with such this morning—the roughest customers I ever met. They land their food in huge pieces, with their knives, somewhere down their throats—a moment—a distension of the throat—a bolt, and it is gone. Their teeth they reserve for the more prolonged satisfaction of tobacco-chewing. There is a kind of rough courtesy, too, amongst them, and chivalry to women, of a sort. Much such fellows as our famous knights of old, I suspect, in their manners and habits, and even language. They seem to be all colonels or generals, or titled in some way. Me they all call “Judge,” with one accord so I suppose there is something “judicial” in my face. It rained nearly all day and, after a walk round the town, which is absolutely without interest, save to any one who wishes to buy pots or pans or articles of food or furniture, into my room and wrote and read till four o’clock. Then the sun came out and hearing that the great state fair was going on two miles out, trudged off there, well buttoned up and with my thick stick, for the papers were full of accounts of shootings and robberies. Progress slow, for the clay was ankle-deep, and very sticky. Paid fifty cents, and entered the most extraordinary inclosure I ever was in. First studied the industrial products and agricultural, then the art (!) collection. Never were more wooden-looking men put into frames, or more frightful daubs of landscape perpetrated. Then to a trotting race, and a running, *i.e.*, galloping race—sorry jades lashed round a circle of sodden mud by boys—negroes,

—in red coats or blue. Then up to a crowd where there was a shouting going on, and lo! a baby show—a crowd of disappointed mothers and squalling children—and a big, fat, ugly-looking baby rolled out from the crowd in all the glory of a new perambulator, with a band before it, and half the tag-rag behind, looking quite conscious of its triumph—Miss Betsy Lucas! Then there were shows and booths of all kinds, the usual monstrosities, and dancing, but the strangest part of all was the people. Such a medley and a cut-throat-looking lot, many of them. Tired of this, after a bit I walked off to the banks of the Missouri, climbed a hill, and saw the sun set, and then back to the hotel,—supper, and read in my room till ten, when the train started for Denver—some 700 miles off to westward.

September 29th.—I got down to the depôt last night before the train started, tumbled into bed, and was conscious of nothing till I awoke this morning at six and saw the sun rise, a ball of fire from a sea of grass—the prairie. Presently we stopped for breakfast at a little station, and a desolate spot it was. Nothing but the burnt-up, sandy waste all round. A meagre meal, and then on our little single track of iron again, across the desert. The air was fresh—for we were already some 2,000 feet above the sea—and after the cities the scene was a novel and a pleasing one. Now and then we would see a waggon, drawn by a team of oxen, crawling over the plain, steering by compass; more frequently, huge droves of cattle, driven by wild-looking horsemen, from Texas come to fatten their cattle on the prairie. At intervals we passed heaps of bones bleached completely—the remains of the oxen of old

that fell by the way on that weary journey. Then, as I sat on the platform, I espied an antelope; and once a grim-looking wolf stood and gazed at us at forty yards' distance. The little prairie dogs popped in and out their holes, by which sat the sentinel owls, their companions; prairie hens flew across, much like the partridge, pitching in little tufts of a diminutive sunflower. I noticed, too, the mirage in the noonday heat. Dinner in twenty minutes, on tough buffalo steaks; and then, later on, we saw the buffalo themselves—grand-looking beasts—caring nothing for us and our smoke and pother, but coming up close to us as we ran along at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour,—another and a stronger sort of buffalo, probably they thought. Then from my perch I smell a smell as of burning, and informed the conductor, who stopped the train, and a wheel was found in flames. All the water requisitioned, and a fuss and a bustle two men doing all the work, as usual, the rest talking. The fire out, soap and candles were stuffed into the wheel—like the foolish virgins, they had no oil—and on we went.

How excellent a cricket-ground the prairie would make for giants, and they might hit hundreds of miles to leg if they could! Really, it is wonderfully like Chatham Lines, extended and desolate. Before sunset we passed miles of prairie on fire; and so all the evening through. Very pretty the circles and crescents of fire looked in the night—like huge footlights. Supper at an outlandish place with hunters, one of whom sat next to me. The host and hostess were attending more to us who had so short a time to eat than to the hunters who could sup

when we left. This did not suit my neighbour, who, springing to his feet and bringing the butt end of his heavy rifle to the floor with a crash, cried out, "If ye don't bring my steak in two minutes I'll jump the house!" In an instant he was served so we missed the interesting process indicated. In the cars are a very pleasant fellow, connected in some way with the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, a stout Californian, who told me strange tales of frontier life, and who seemed to be a great man in his own country and a quartet from England—a mining engineer from London, a Major V., who told eternal stories of the antelope he had shot in India, a fat German, who smoked without ceasing and another, evidently going out to survey a mine somewhere. Then there was a poor fellow, in the last stage of consumption I should think, on his way to Colorado in the hopes of recruiting a health that would seem to be gone for ever—travelling alone, but how kindly a good-natured but harsh-featured woman—stranger to him—tended him, smoothed his pillow, talked lowly to him, gave him grapes and iced water.

September 30th.—Trouble again in the night with our fiery wheel, but an early stir, for we were nearing Denver. And there, as by magic of genii in the night, stood the Rocky Mountains before us, from north to south, for miles and miles, like a huge rugged wall along the plain. The sun was rising, and every snow-peak was visible, and every rock and valley defined. Grey Peak, Long Peak, and Pike's Peak were pointed out to me, looking but twenty although a hundred, miles off, so clear was the air and sharp. We were now 5,000 feet above the sea, for the plain gradually rises towards the west; not that you notice the rise, for it extends 600 miles in

length, ending abruptly in the Rocky Mountain range. "Why does the railway make these angles?" I naturally asked, seeing that we were pursuing a zigzag in lieu of a straight direction over an even surface. The contractor winked. "Wal, sir, I guess the company were paid by Government so many dollars and so many acres of land a mile for making the line." The rascals! so they have gone crooked to increase the mileage. Wonder whether that desolate prairie ever will be cultivated. Not until it is irrigated; and where is the water to come from? Now we were at Denver, a city, ten years ago, the refuge of the lawless and the criminal, where life was worth but little, and men were shot down in the bar-rooms daily. Strange stories my contractor friend told me of life there. To the American Hotel, and a most refreshing bath and breakfast, and walked about the town and inspected furs and photographs and the men about, and talked to T., my mining friend, who gave me a pound of bird's-eye, for which I felt profoundly grateful in the wilderness. Dined on buffalo and apple-sauce—excellent; inspected some opals a man had just brought in from the mines, and then stumped off for a walk towards the mountains over the plain. The sun blazing hot, but the air bracing and clear, and the distances very deceptive. They told me of a young Englishman who, arriving for the first time at Denver, started off, as he said, to walk to the mountains before breakfast. His friends set off with him to enjoy his discomfiture. He walked and walked, but the mountains seemed never the nearer. At last he sat down beside a little irrigating ditch, a foot wide, and began to take off his shoes and stockings. His friends asked, wonderingly, what he did that for; so he told

them that "although the ditch looked but a foot across, he was satisfied that it must be both wide and deep," and hence his precautions.

The life of Denver is the stream that runs through it; otherwise nothing would grow. A strange city, pitched on the plain—as for the encampment of an army for the night. Walked till the sun set grandly on the mountains, and then how sudden a darkness! On returning, had my hair cut and shampooed, charge 6s., by a nasty German, who spat about and smoked all the time and arranged with a Chinaman to do some washing for me.

October 1st.—Spent in the Rocky Mountains. At six on the railway to Golden City. Nearly lost the train through the discrepancy of the clocks, Eastern and Western times being very different matters; but here the American free-and-easy system assisted me, and I was able to run after the train, catch it up, and jump on it. Lots of mining people on board, for Golden City is the key to the mining region. Arrived, called on Mr. Loveland; he is the genius of the place; went over brick works, potteries, mines, and properties of all descriptions; studied maps, and drove with Mr. L. some fifteen miles up a line of railway in course of construction. Mountain scenery lovely, and colours of changing vegetation superb. Mr. L. had explored the whole range of the mountains, and told me a deal. Here are vertical seams of coal cutting horizontal ones at right angles—so they told me. Minerals of all sorts, from gold to clay. Nebuchadnezzar's image could be constructed here, from head to foot, without a foreign importation. The sun was baking hot, and the air so dry that one's lips cracked and one's skin felt like a

drum-head. Having finished our explorations, Mr. L. drove me part of the way back to Denver, and I walked the rest, across the prairie, arriving in late and rather famished; but the rules of the house are inexorable—no meal after six. I caught a large insect biting my hand yesterday, and to-day it is so swollen that it is as much as I can hold a pen to write.

October 2nd.—Early this morning from the bustling and irritating Denver—derived from the French “d’enfer,” as I suggested to a resident, but he didn’t understand me—by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway—Bell’s Railway—to Colorado Springs; a three-foot gauge railway, skirting the base of the Rocky Mountains—plains on one side, mountains on the other. Wherever the little mountain streams run, vegetation on either side marks the course of water for miles, till the streams are lost and dried up in the prairie. At noon we reached Colorado Springs, and I put up for the night at the hotel there. Dr. Bell is away, “up the mountains in the South Park, looking after some lands, and Mrs. Bell is with him, too.” He won’t be back till Sunday or Monday; so now I have five whole days in prospect to myself entirely, in a wild and beautiful country, and in a perfect air. After dinner, I trudged off to Manitou, to the astonishment apparently of the folks in the inn, who seemed to have no idea of any one walking twelve miles on a stretch for pleasure. Over the plain and the townlands and the stream, and through what is left of the old Spanish settlement of Colorado City—the names hereabouts are mostly Spanish—past some very beautifully variegated mountain plants and fantastic rocks, to Manitou at last. That is where the famous health-giving springs are; hence the name, Manitou—

Good Spirit—given by the Indians. Bell and his friends have built an hotel to stay in there, and in it I shall take up my quarters. It is a solitude, in a glen, right at the foot of the venerable Pike's Peak—one of the highest points in the Rocky Mountain range. I always thought that this was the part of America I should enjoy the most, and so it is without question. Objects of interest all round. Magnificent mountain-climbing, and an air that the gods might breathe and be the better for. I intend, too, to set my foot on the snow on the top of Pike's Peak, if it be possible. They say it cannot be done in less than two days—and if so, I must camp out for a night—but however long it takes, I shall make a good try for it. It is as high as Mont Blanc, or nearly so.

It was a pleasant walk back to Colorado Springs, in the starlight, under the shade of the mountains—the night cry of beasts in the air—pleasant the meal of milk and mutton, pleasant the pipe which followed in the balmy air, pleasanter perhaps than all the sleep which closed all, stretched on a mattress of straw.

And here I would just like to give a little sketch of what my friends Bell and Palmer are doing in Colorado. General Palmer was originally the head of the Government survey for a line of railway to connect with the Pacific from the East. In the year 1867 he was starting at the head of one of the expeditions for this purpose and Mr. Bell, who had just graduated at Cambridge, and was travelling in America, joined him officially, for he could not join him otherwise, as photographer to the expedition. So together they explored the territories of New Mexico and Colorado, and the Rocky Mountains far beyond, a pleasant history of all which is recorded in

Mr. Bell's "New Tracks in North America." General Palmer was much struck with the natural advantages that existed for a railroad, constructed on the cheap American principles, running from Denver southward along the base of the Rocky Mountains. He appreciated the fact that the enormous mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountain eastern region would undergo before long a very rapid development, that the parks and fertile places on the mountains would be cultivated, that the consumptive and dyspeptic and generally unstrung folk from the East would come to gain the benefit afforded by breathing the bracing air of the plateau at the base of the mountains, that tourists would come to see the unique and varied scenery of that region—those rugged snow-capped mountains, those deep-cut cañons, those weird fantastic rocks, those park-like upland valleys—that the medicinal springs of the region, the healing virtues of which had been long known to the wandering Indian, would become watering-places of local, if not fashionable, resort; that all these people—miners, invalids, agriculturists, and visitors—would need to be fed, clothed, and provided with much that they could neither make nor grow—and that people would settle down and towns spring up to supply these needs. These prospects were, as I might say, the basis of the D. and R. G. Railway. And the men who banded together for the sake of carrying out the enterprise set about it in workmanlike fashion, and knew pretty well what they were at. First they secured from Government, or other proper authority, the land which from natural situation seemed to offer special advantages for agriculture or town sites, the water rights also—all important in a country where the supply

of water is the measure of cultivation—and, wherever they could discover them, the coal seams. Then they secured their railway charter, giving them the right to build a railroad from Denver southward to El Paso, 840 miles—more miles than from Land's End to John of Groat's. But it was to be a cheap line; and General Palmer chose to build it, as I think most wisely, of the three-foot gauge—cheaper so to build, cheaper so to run, easier so to traverse altitudes and depressions. As to competition—cause of paralysis, partial or complete, to American railways even on the verge of success—that General Palmer did not and does not much fear. On one side of his line lies the prairie—a sterile plain for hundreds of miles away to eastward; on the other rise the mountains, thousands of feet, and impassable for a railroad. Down the cañons leading out from the range local lines may be built, but they will be feeders and not competitors. For a parallel line there is no place on either side. But the money—that, as usual, was the rub; £3,000 a mile, or more, it would cost, at any rate, to build and equip the line, and the first sections, with the rolling stock, would, of course, cost most. Gold and silver there was in plenty, lying in mountain-side and river-bank, but not exactly in the form in which workmen's wages and bills for iron have to be paid. So, having got their land and their charter, the adventurers had to retrace their steps eastward, back to the Atlantic cities, and across the ocean to British and North Sea homes, to find those whose faith should be strong and purses deep enough to aid the enterprise. And this is the way they set to work. First they formed a company, which should hold a section of the

lands acquired along a given distance of the line, and the objects of which should be to develop that section, build towns, plant trees, make irrigating ditches, or work coal. Then they made what they termed a "pool." Say, for instance, a subscriber gave them £500—they would give him for this, first, a bond of the Railway Company, coupons attached, paying him a good interest on the investment, say ten per cent.; then, besides this, they gave him (what so many railway projectors have kept all to themselves) a proportion of fully paid stock in the Railway Company, so that by-and-bye, when surplus earnings give a dividend on the stock as well as on the bonds, the subscriber might share in the ultimate profit which the original expenditure of his money served to create; and then again, and lastly, they gave him a proportion of the stock of the Land Company. Of course there were scoffers as well as subscribers, and at times the prospect of making a railway down through tracts of land which had, from all historical time till now, been but the hunting grounds of Indians, looked hazardous and doubtful even to the projectors; but they had witnessed the rapid development of what was the far West twenty years back—Ohio, Indiana, Mississippi, now rich and prosperous States—and they believed that, moving ever westward, the people would soon find a resting-place at the foot of the great mountain region which divides the waters which flow into the Pacific from those which find their way into the Atlantic.

In 1870 a commencement was made. For land they paid nothing, the earthwork was simple comparatively, timber they brought down from the mountains; already there were railways to the East which brought

them iron. Now the line is an accomplished fact as far as Pueblo, 120 miles south of Denver and a branch is making to a coal-field forty miles further on and which I hope to visit. Already Colorado Springs is a considerable town, and Pueblo likewise. Other places are rising; agriculture is proceeding all along the line; there is a rush to the mining regions in the mountains; hotels are built at various points of interest, and the tourist and the invalid are arriving. Already, too, there is talk of extension southward, and rumours of richer lands, better coal measures, and more productive mines away down by Trinidad, and in the tumbled region which the old Spaniards named "San Juan."

But I have made a long digression, and I will now go on with my story, which this explanation will, perhaps, render more intelligible. First, though, let me say how the towns have been built. They have built on what they call here the checker-board system. The land is plotted out, platted they term it, like a chess-board—that is, on paper—staked out, in fact. There are red plats and white plats, equal numbers of each. A white plat the Land Company gives away to a settler who will undertake to build a house on it, the red ones they reserve. By-and-bye these intermediate plats become valuable, and then the Company sells them for so many dollars, realizing a bouncing profit on each. For such permanent improvements as the Company has to do on their lands—irrigating ditches and the like—they raise money on bonds. Altogether, to see these towns spring up, to one who has lived in villages in wealthy England that never wax bigger from one generation to the other, seems strange and almost wonderful.

The contemplation of this sort of active life which Bell and Palmer lead, rather fills one with envy; one wants to do something in the same way, too—opening up new countries, building towns. All these things contrast sharply with a London professional life, or even a life of ease in a rural district, broken only by the excitements resulting from the destruction of game and vermin or a squabble with a tenant.

October 3rd.—A beautiful sunrise on the mountain range. Wrote and mailed letters in the morning, and then with baggage by coach over to Manitou—to stay there some days at that quiet little hotel at the foot of Pike's Peak and one well appointed, all things considering. Walked away over the mountains with an eye to the sides of Pike's Peak—as to where best to attack it. Through some cañons and over some hills of great wildness. Got round again near home by dark and went to the springs,—soda and other mineral waters welling up out of little circular holes in the rock—delicious to the taste and curative, so I'm told, of all sorts of ailments. A Yankee tradesman who was drinking when I got there, informed me that, "with a little whiskey," the waters made "a tarnation good-throated cocktail." I found he was one of a party of Chicago men who were out for a holiday, and had found their way here for a day. They sat round in the evening and told one another extraordinary stories in the driest and most matter-of-fact way, and I was vastly entertained by their narrations. Most of them turned upon business, and more or less questionable "tricks of trade."

October 4th.—At six, in the mountain brook—icy cold—and on coming out and applying the towel of Cash, I crackled all over like a fire of thorns. The

Chicago party went off for a drive in a couple of waggons with much whiskey and much noise, very desirous that I should come with them, but I excused myself.

At eight started off with some provender and found my way to the "Garden of the Gods"—a weird place—with immense masses of rock, deep red and white sandstone, side by side, standing up in all fantastic shapes like vast ruins of castles. Then to Glen Eyrie and by General Palmer's pretty house, up the cañon—a deep gorge—through which a stream ran, till at last stopped by a deep basin cut in the rock and full of water—clear but impassable—the Devil's Punch-bowl, I after heard it called. Thought they'd disestablished the "Devil" on this side the Atlantic. Sat half an hour watching an ouzel on the water and an eagle in the air then back again and across by the Monument Rock, a sheer pillar some 200 feet high—over plains which swarmed in 'places with the little prairie dogs, and where I saw the Camberwell beauty, and caught after much chasing an infinitesimal specimen of the pale clouded yellow. Burnets also I saw, and huge grasshoppers red and yellow, and at last reached Monument Park a sort of glade filled with strange rocks, like huge petrified fungi; base a sort of conglomerate and then at top transversely, like a logan-stone, a dark fragment of sandstone; some so finely hung that they seem poised on the points of needles. On to one I clambered, and there, in the bright sun, investigated the contents of my satchel. Buffalo dried (uncommonly) between bread and something of a rolled omelette—contents mystical, but result good—a pipe, and then I thirsted, and presently espied a distant ranche and to it, and

drew a bucket from the well—sulphur and iron in strong solution. Very healthy a cattle driver told me, but poisonous if spirit mixed with it! Hope my Chicago friend won't attempt it. Homewards then, twelve miles off—a beautiful walk—but a snow-cloud resting on Pike's Peak which made me glad I had not attempted that this day. Drank deep of the soda spring, and then into a warm mineral bath, and when I came out, the heavens were black and there was a great rain. On reaching the hotel, all—Chicago party particularly—glad to see me. They thought I had gone to Pike's Peak, and were beginning to fear that I should never come down, if caught in the sudden storm. The pursy Chicagoans were much in amaze at hearing of my morning bath and my thirty mile walk. One of them told me he had never been in cold water to his knowledge, and one's walking about without any hat seems to strike them as particularly strange. Altogether this has been the pleasantest and completest day's holiday I've had so far.

October 5th.—Heavy snow last night on the mountains. Pike's Peak in a cloud—but I determined to have a try at him. Chicagoans very dolorous in their tones, and so the others. I should be lost in a snow-storm, become dizzy from the cold and faint, struck snow-blind—I don't know what all. I didn't heed them, but strapped up an extra suit of flannel in a blanket, provisioned my satchel, and started. Antonio, Bell's Hungarian servant—an excellent fellow, who has travelled everywhere, like most Hungarians, and knows half the tongues of Europe, and Coptic, so he says, walked along to the Springs with me. "Would I not have his gaiters? I should get so wet." "No, I never

wore gaiters, I didn't mind the wet." But the poor man had so set his mind on my taking his gaiters that I was forced to strap them also on to my pack, and they came down just as they went up. He told me that there was a log hut half way up the mountain where I might find shelter for the night and he shook hands with me and departed. Left to myself, I began my climb up a ravine, and presently lost the track but I knew the direction and blundered on through the tangled grass and bushes till I came to some great quartz rocks. As I climbed up to these, I saw some mineral glittering in among the broken quartz at my feet—yellow as a guinea. I broke some, and the little bits of ore shone in the sun. My boots I saw had on them bits of like glittering dust—I was treading on gold! Here in this unfrequented place was scattered that elemental happiness. I collected some fragments of the rock marked the spot and climbed on for I had so set my heart on getting to the summit of Pike's Peak, that bars of gold would not have stopped me then, I think. Up, and across a forest piece of table land, and then up again, and now on slight snow. Presently I crossed a trail, and soon a human being—a wild-looking fellow—a hunter. "Had I seen tracks of deer or bear?" "Neither." An uncouth weapon he carried, of the rudest sort. He directed me where to find the hut, and we parted. The climb was long but not difficult, and by one o'clock I reached the hut, made of logs, in simple fashion. No floor of course, but earth—a little rill flowed in front—huge granite rocks stood behind, and an open glade amongst the trees around. Here, thought I, I shall have to pass the night. So set to work with an axe I found there, and chopped

timber for fuel for the night, and opened my satchel and lunched, but very sparingly, for my one meal might have to stretch out to four. After a rest, up the mountain again, but I saw that ascent that day was hopeless, for his head was still in cloud, and to get into that were a bad business. But I got above tree line, and into snow from two to three feet deep. Just before sunset reached the hut again. How still and how cold! Not a stir of wind, and not a living thing round save some little chipmonks, which came up to me quite tamely. Lit a roaring fire, and endeavoured to make up for my want of food by extra caloric. How deficient one's education is! Here was a pan, a fire, and some flour—but I knew nothing how to produce food from the combination. Spent the evening attending to my fire—a most contemplative and cozy occupation—and presently made up my bed, feet to flame. Just going off to sleep, when a noise and behold! two huge fanged, mountain rats come to investigate the intruder. After them with axe and firebrand, and they disappeared. Then to sleep but about midnight I woke with a sense as of eyes glaring at me and started up and seized my axe. Bear or Indian? No—it was only two stars peeping in between the log chinks. After that slept most soundly till daybreak.

October 6th.—Re-lit my fire, and out to climb a point and to see the sun rise on the prairie—very beautiful. Surely the whole desert of sand might be turned into fruitful farms by irrigation. A great aqueduct from Lake Michigan would do it. Perhaps some American Lesseps will some day, but he'll have to get over the difference in level somehow. My little brook was fringed with icicles, and the ground was frozen hard.

A very meagre breakfast on the remains of last night's supper and then up the mountain again. Saw deer and bear tracks in the frozen snow. Just before leaving timber line I remarked a pine blazed with an axe, and on the white surface some Yankee had written "Busted, by gad!" Profane, but to the point. Climbing for hours beyond tree line and now the difficulty of breathing became great. The cold was intense but exercise kept me warm. Every twenty paces I had to stop to get breath, and my heart beat nearly 200 to the minute, back of head throbbed, too, like a pendulum. There was no path or sign, nothing but huge boulders and snow three feet thick in places through which and over which to walk was difficult. If I sat down, a feeling of irresistible drowsiness would come over me. Now the sun was up, and the glare from the snow was great, but I donned a pair of coloured spectacles and eclipsed "Sol." I confess I had some feelings of *cui bono*, and those other sentiments which casuistry brings to the aid of weakness. But the Briton within me bristled up, and although I much wanted to get to the top for my own satisfaction and the view, still the notion, "What would the worthies below say" if I gave it up when so near, had some weight with me, and helped as a spur. So physical strength comes from moral weakness. But by hook and by crook—by this help and that—but mostly by pursuing the old-fashioned plan of putting one foot before the other,—at last I and my blackthorn stood on the top of Pike's Peak. Impossible to describe the view—hard enough to steady one's self to look at it. On one side nothing but prairie, hundreds of miles—sand apparently without a break or rise—the little city of Colorado just visible as

tents upon the plain. This east. Away west, peak after peak—mountain piled on mountain—fir trees, valleys, huge rocks; below me South Park—a beautiful table land of trees and pasture. The parks, as they call them here in the Rocky Mountains, are what would, under other conditions, as in Scotland or Switzerland, be lakes, but there was no water in this view save a mountain stream or two. Then behind lay, for hundreds of miles, north and south, the snowy range of the Rocky Mountains. I think the frightful stillness that reigned in this solitude was the most striking feature of all. Two living things alone I saw—a snow-white bird, that flew audaciously over my head and—what could it find to eat there?—sunning itself on a rock, the ubiquitous domestic *fly*! a solitary specimen, but apparently as much at home as in a London kitchen.

I could not stay long, for I was hungry to faintness, so at ten o'clock began the descent, my legs hardly sustaining me, not because they were very tired, for the climbing had not been particularly severe, but the rareness of the air debilitated the whole system, and it was difficult even to think. Often, I heard, men even in summer had fainted three parts up, and had to be carried down. Reached my hut at noon, rested awhile, and then down again. Respiration getting easier, and strength consequently returning every few hundred feet—and at 2.30 I was at the base, with my pack, my empty wallet, and my emptier self. A lean German greeted me first. "He had heard I had gone up. Had he only known. He was so anxious to make the ascent. But was there snow? Ah, if he should get his feet wet, he would not go—he hated to get his feet wet. He would give

twenty-five dollars if he could get to the top of the mountain without walking, and without getting his feet wet." All the folks at the hotel very pleased to see me, and the great American meal rule was even broken through on my behalf, and I had a meal at an odd hour. A bottle of Bass I got hold of to my delight, and after, a cigar, curled up on a bank in the sun and in sight of the peak which troubled me no more. By-and-bye a hot bath in the springs, and a long talk with a Jesuit priest, who had travelled thirty-five years in the Rocky Mountains, and with a Mr. Sandford, who had come out from the East to cure himself of lung disease and who gave me at once, and at the first instance, a warm invitation to go and stay with his family east—and finally supper. After supper Bell came along with Mr. Jackson, and we were all glad to see one another, and talked till late. They had been ten days camping out in South Park, and a very pleasant time they seemed to have had. Bell spoke very highly of the silver mines up there.

October 8th.—Rest to-day, after the walking of the last few days. With Bell to the place where he was building a house, and over his stables, and talked over plans for his garden. A rare field for the landscape gardener—streams, glades, rocks, and mountains behind. At noon the mailman came on his mule. In the afternoon a long business talk with Bell, and he insists that I must start for Pueblo and Cañon to-morrow and has sketched a programme for me which will take a fortnight to carry through. Then a walk up to the Ute Pass—and, on my return, found three young Englishmen, come to settle on a ranche somewhere. Bell says he has such constantly calling on him, and what to advise them

he does not know at all. They have no experience or means, great ideas of their gentility, and if they are to do anything practical here, they must be content to commence as labourers and work up. These lads seemed as green as possible. Friends glad to get rid of them at home perhaps. One of them knew me as having played cricket with him—somewhere, somewhen.

The Ute Indians are about here, rather an inoffensive tribe as Indians go. There is a camp of them near Colorado Springs—come down for trading purposes. The Indian question seems to be settling itself fast by the removal of the Indian altogether. There are not half a million of them left, over an enormous tract of territory. Drink and disease, both of which they get bad from the white man, are more potent causes of their destruction than aught else; but go they must. No one can regret them except artists, perhaps, and lovers of the sentimental. Their standards of right and wrong are differently pitched to ours, and to view the Indian question from an Indian standpoint is, to a white, impossible. He is an hereditary hunter—his chief game, man. We have hereditary hunters in England, and so far the Indian has the best of it if the measure of sport is the ability for defence in the quarry. The man he hunts may kill him, but our sportsmen are in no danger from their hares and foxes. The red man in his native woods got along very well after his lights, and had his own manner of pains and pleasures, but, side by side with the white man, he makes a poor show, and not being sufficiently advanced in the world to take hold of that which makes the white man strong, and too proud to knuckle under, he has to quit. One thing the United States Government is to be blamed for is its constant

breaches of treaty with the Indians. They say here these breaches cannot be prevented, but does the Government try as much to keep the pioneer and miner out of the reservations as it does to keep the Indians in them? Better to let the tribes fare as they can with merchant, missionary, and settler at them than coop them up in one spot, and then starve and drive them out of that. It must always be a difficult question, that of dealing with inferior races in countries coveted of Europeans. The *fair* thing is not to take their country, but, having taken it, the savage must settle further question, like Mr. Eccles in *Caste*, by taking himself off altogether. A patriotic and intelligent Red Indian must have sadder reflections than ever Pole or even Irishman!

October 9th.—By coach to Colorado Springs—there dined, and saw our young English friends of yesterday. At two by train to Pueblo, the present terminus of the D. and R. G. Road. Road all through desert prairie, covered with rank grass, in which I saw the cayotes skulking. In places I noticed a very fine cactus flowering in shape like an araucaria. Arrived at Pueblo, I introduced myself to Captain Schuyler. Fair at Pueblo—confound the fairs! Colonel Greenwood was at the end of the track and a locomotive was just starting up the half-constructed line. This would take me some way towards Cañon, and next morning Colonel G. would get me a horse, and I could ride on; so I jumped on the engine and started—a beautiful route, albeit the line seemed rather shaky here and there. Progress slow, but sunset fine. Then we ran short of water, and after ran into a truck, pushed it in front of us, and by-and-bye met another train. Awkward on a single track. Our driver, who had just sent a can of boiling

oil over my legs, was very hungry, and wanted his supper. He was not going to back out, and the other fellow seemed to be equally minded. Here was an *embasse*. I saw it was no use interfering, for our fellow had shut his Anglo-Saxon jaw in a manner, the meaning of which was unmistakable, and he was master of the situation. The enemy sent word that if we didn't back in five minutes he would charge. The only answer he got was a snort of defiance from our engine, and we started. A pretty game for a non-combatant, not to say a stockholder! But as we approached, the other fellow slowly backed, and then quicker—until we got by him at a siding. About nine reached the end of the track. Colonel Greenwood was away—had left to-day for Cañon. So here was I amongst the navvies, and had to spend the night there somehow. But first supper. An old railway truck was kitchen and dining-room, and the stoker and the brakesman and four or five others and I, sat down to supper served on a board of deal. The American labourer fares well. Steak far better than any I ate in the hotels, hot rolls, plenty of vegetables, coffee, tea, preserved peaches, &c.—an excellent repast—and then we went out and smoked our pipes round the camp-fire *sub Jove frigido*. A strange scene it was—carcases of bullocks hung up under the trees to cut steaks from—the huge fire lighting up the bronzed faces of the men of varied types, the roughest of the rough—very picturesque the Mexican with his long horse-pistol and fringed trousers. There must be more of the navvy in me than the trader, for I felt more at home with these fellows than I did with the Chicagoans. They called one another by the names of cities or of animals, and told strange and cruel

stories of railway life—their fights with Indians—the accidents they had met with—horror on horror piled up. Their talk was, of course, much spiced with oaths, but their wit was above the average of club smoking-room wit in London, and their powers of narration would have shamed those of our country gentlemen who “hunt their foxes o’er again”—*post prandium*. The secret is that in society such as this a man is only listened to for what he has to say; in England often because of what he is. One man, Mr. Spot, I took a great fancy to, and he to my “bird’s-eye,” which I sent round as far as it could go. Spot was evidently a man of very superior education. Here, thought I, is one of the gentlemen “who have gone to the devil,” as his friends would say at home—I always wanted to know where they went to. But at last stories must end—pipes out and to bed. Some slept on the ground, rolled in blankets, some in little tents—for it was very cold. Spot found me room in a truck, and so, curled up in a buffalo skin and delighted with the novelty of my situation, I fell asleep, amidst the snores of those around.

October 9th.—Awoke with a sense of eyes bunged up, the cold draught across them, or the moon or something, had completely closed them. Down to the river hard by, and the cold water soon took the swelling down. Back to a good substantial breakfast at sunrise with my mates. What appetites they had. One mouthful of steak that one of them took would have dined some men. As I found that Captain Schuyler’s horse, which he had said I might have, had been stampeded and stolen a night ago—and there was no other available—I had to tramp it up the track, and started after a further talk with Spot, who told me his history.

As I expected, Spot was born to better things—received an university education, but drifted away, from a love of gambling and drink, into this life. He made a large sum last winter by railway work, and gambled it all away in a fortnight. But he is weary of the life he leads, he says, and I gave him a good round “talking to,” which I daresay he cared for less than the tobacco.

The sun struck out very hot as I began my march. It is almost tropical here in the day, and frigid at night—and the road, too, was very rough. Indeed, for bad walking commend me to a newly and partly graded railroad. The embankments were of sand—unelastic, foot-holding—the cuttings, sharp rock, and I had twenty-one miles of this, with the chance of picking up a horse where I could and the certainty of a river every now and then to ford. Men were at work at many parts—Mexicans mostly, and the further I went, the more miles off I learnt my destination was. Stopped about ten—and had a long talk with an Irish blacksmith at work on the road and made up my mind that if ever Providence blessed me with offspring, every mother’s son of them should learn some handicraft—any way useful and interesting, but especially so if times should be bad, or there should be a general upsetting of society. By noon, I began to get a little leg-weary—hungry also. My boots had burst to pieces with the wet and rocks—my trousers were all over oil from last night’s journey on the locomotive, and burnt a good deal with the cinders. I had no collar on, and no hat. No wonder the foremen of gangs should stop me, and ask me “if I wanted work,” or that the workmen should salute me friendly as a comrade. At last the grade ended, and I found myself in a desert alkaline plain, in front of a fierce-look-

ing Texan bull. I was too hurried to make détours, and he paid no heed to me—and I think at this time if a Jacob had appeared, he should have had my birthright for a pct of beer. But no Jacob came, and no beer. At last, after walking hard from six to two o'clock, I descried the coal-bank in the distance, which I had come to see. Now, if only Mr. Clarke were there, I should get some food. And he was there, as luck would have it, and a German woman cooked me a mess in a hut, and I drank some bad water, and then through the mines with Clarke—bent double. When I came out, Clarke introduced me to the "oldest inhabitant" of Cañon, and he was just starting for that place and so, Mr. Clarke would lend me an Indian pony, and we could ride in together. Clarke didn't want me to go—and promised a bear hunt in the evening if I'd stay—but I wouldn't, for I wanted, if possible, to catch the morning train at Pueblo next day to take me back to Colorado Springs. So the crop-eared mustang with a huge Mexican saddle was trotted out, and I and the "oldest inhabitant" started for Cañon. The wooden saddle was a torture, but gallop or "lope," as they call it, we must, or I should never make Cañon by daylight. The "oldest inhabitant" told me all about the country as we jogged along and, after twelve miles of it, we were in Cañon. There was Mr. Rockafellow in the nick of time. "Was I in such a hurry? Then we must make the most of the time"—and he stops a man with a team—the "oldest inhabitant" bowled off to put up the horses and catch some fresh ones for me to drive at night and into the carriage and off to see the water-power, the marble, the iron, the oil mine, the lands and the town. Supper then, a warm at the stove,—for now it froze

and my teeth chattered—and then into a great fur coat of Mr. R.'s, borrowed two buffalo hides, and away in the dark, twenty odd miles, to Beaver Creek in a buggy and pair. A strange fellow drove me. He had lived in troublous times—had shot and hung Mexicans and Indians by the dozen, had been a member of the "Vigilants," about the doings of which society a marvellous book might be written; and he told me stories, and the moon rose, and the wind blew cold as death, as we blundered across that horrid desert—without a sign of life, save great owls. Near midnight we reached Beaver Creek. There, was a ranche where I hoped to get a bed—all asleep. Called, but no answer. Banged the blackthorn against the door with blows of desperation. A shaggy fellow appeared at the window. Bed! he'd no bed—but I got him down, and we made a fire, and I could sleep in the granary. So, warmed a bit and the carriage sent back, I curled me up among the sacks, and slept like a top.

October 10th.—Woke at 5.30, clapped on my coat,—the only thing I'd taken off for two days and nights—found another ruffian snoring among the sacks close to me, down the stairs, paid mine host,—without exception the biggest barbarian in looks and manners I ever met,—fifty cents for my accommodation, and off in the fresh air down the Beaver Creek till I struck the track, up it five miles to where the iron was laid, at top speed, for I knew an engine started down to Pueblo some time early—they had laid two miles of line since yesterday—and so hopping from sleeper to sleeper, reached the camp—just as the trucks had left ten minutes. Friend Spot came to the rescue though—there was another engine, so, with a crust of bread from the cook, on to the engine with

Spot and off in pursuit. Soon we caught the train up—signalled her—brought her to—and I daresay Colonel Greenwood wondered who the devil this unkempt-looking fellow was with his mouth full of bread, stopping his train and jumping on to it. However, I gave him my letter of introduction as soon as I could get at him, and then we were friends at once, and we lit a fire in his car, which was his home pretty much, and quite comfortable, and he told me of the line and its prospects, and then of the K. P. Line, and how he had lost a man a mile from the Indians when he built it and how Captain Schuyler, fine fellow, had charged through seventy of them, and got out all right from the ambush, with five bullets in his horse, and two in himself—these railway engineers of the West could furnish incidents for many a novelist—and then of the war, and of Sherman's march, and of the battles in which he fought on the staff. But we came to a stop, both in progress and talk, for the road had given way a bit. With pick and shovel we put it all right, but time lost and the train too at Pueblo, for it had started ten minutes ago when we reached the town. A nuisance after all I'd done, but there was no help for it. So telegraphed to Bell who was to have met me at Colorado Springs with horses to explore the Cheyenne Pass. Fair still at Pueblo, and crowds of Mexicans and motley folk. Breakfast, and Schuyler lent me a horse which was tied to a post till I should want it. In the bar, an Englishman accosted me, a Mr. W. from Leicestershire. He had been out a year, shepherding. His brother had just joined him with some capital and they were looking out for a location; they were camped now twelve miles out, on the prairie. I wanted to see the Nolan

grant which was all on his road, so we agreed to ride together. On to Schuyler's horse, which buck-jumped all down the town, and would have kicked me off, I think, but for the great wooden pommel, and away over the prairie. A good hearty fellow, W. One of the "ne'er do wells" at home I guess, and we rode and talked on, till he told me I'd better get back, or I should be benighted on the prairie. So we shook hands like Britons, "with warmth and muscle of the hand"—the Yankees can't as a rule shake hands a bit—drank of his whiskey flask to the "old country" and parted. Then I let my horse go as he wanted to do—streams of sand flying up behind—scaring the prairie dogs right and left (prairie dog has the appearance of a puppy, with the manners of a rabbit) and the cotton tails—sun setting on the mountains—prairie level as a die—nothing in sight but a dust-cloud in the distance from an ox team. I did enjoy that gallop. Pueblo as night closed in—but what to do with the horse! Schuyler was away thirty miles and where was his stable? I let the rein go loose and he soon determined that for himself, loping off to a camp two miles the other side of the river. A man took him, and I trudged back to the town by the camps of the Mexicans—picturesque by their fires. Supped, wrote a bit, and got a shakedown in a room with a fat German.

October 11th.—A surly German—I do not like the race—and it is hard to tell why, but they are so confoundedly practical, and have so little sense of humour, and pry about into everything through glasses—and they don't go into the rough of a new country, but leave that to us, and when the danger is over then they creep in and buy and sell cheap and live in a mean way and

are in much good colonists. However he went his way, and I to catch the early train up to Colorado Springs. There at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Bell met me, and off to Denver. A long talk with Bell and a grand dinner of oysters and frogs and ducks and beer at seven having been in the cars all day. Spent the evening with General S. of the Central Colorado Railway, which we shall explore to-morrow.

October 12th.—At 6 A.M. with Dr. B. to the Central Colorado Railway, and to the end of it and back as far as Golden, a narrow gauge line up Clear Creek Cañon—a wonderful little railway, creeping up into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, through gaps and under precipices and over torrents where only a three-foot gauge could pass. Saw men gold-mining in the stream and thought of my gold mine which I had left to be discovered and worked by some other. Spent the afternoon with Mr. L. at Golden and went over the lead-smelting works there, managed by Welshmen. Met a man with a grizzly bear he had just killed and bought the skin and some of the carcase. Drove back by moonlight over the prairie very pleasantly and wound up the day with a capital repast at M. Charpiot's.

October 13th.—Breakfasted on bear. Bear assisted by a French cook is very palatable, a little coarser than beef and racier but much akin, and we wound up a busy day with a grand dinner of farewell—best Bordeaux of M. Charpiot by way of a treat—and in the cars for St. Louis. Very sorry to leave Colorado, where my stay has been so pleasant and where the climate agrees so thoroughly with me.

October 14th and 15th.—Two nights and days in the cars. First fourteen hours across the prairie to Kansas

City as in coming. Very few folks in the Pullman and great luxury of travelling—sleeping section, sitting-room, smoking-room, all to myself. Astonishing how folks remember one here. People are constantly saluting me "I think I met you in such and such a city." Just saw one and never exchanged a word. Quite enough introduction in America. More buffalo this time than last. Herds of hundreds would gallop heavily along by the train, bulls at head, calves in the centre, migrating to southern pastures. Disgusted at seeing men shooting at them from the train. At one spot where the train was impeded by the herds quite a fire was kept up, our "sportsmen" discharging their revolvers into the very backs of the beasts. It made me very wroth to see three or four noble bulls crippled, vainly struggling to get up again, crawling along the ground in agony, and left to die by inches and be eaten by wolves, and I spoke up against the wanton slaughter in which I saw no element of sport, but to find feeling in the class of men they were of is hopeless, and they only laughed and loaded their pistols again. A cowardly lot with all their bluster and boast.

At Wallace a Mr. Grant got in. Mr. G. had bought a large tract of land near the Smoky Hill River and was going to colonize it, and a young man with him was proposing to settle there and grow hedges, so as to be able to jump them in riding round the farm, an odd sort of cultivation. We had a very pleasant talk till bedtime and Mr. G. very kindly asked me to accompany his party over the North Pacific route, a thing I should like very much were it compatible with other things. They got off at Kansas City, and then I had to take the North Missouri Line, and an ordinary car, and a

very dusty journey we had and tedious, through eternal flat, and shabby forest and patches of civilization, and now and then skirting the muddy Missouri.

Impossible to read on that ill-laid line, and the talk of a gaseous Denver man, of the genus "buttonholer," was not very entertaining or instructive. At six we reached St. Louis—and right glad of a bath and supper after the fasting and some Bass. W. B., my old school-fellow, was there to meet me and we supped and spent the evening together in great glee. Poor W. full of his woes, in connection with farming in Kansas, and anxious to "trade" me out of all my wearing apparel.

October 16th.—Very busy all day in St. Louis. Called on General Sherman, who told me about my brother's wedding at which he was present. A fine soldier-like fellow, the General, and he introduced me to Sheridan also,—an Irishman, son of a cobbler they say,—and dashing cavalry officer to boot. Sherman has a wonderful eye and a fine presence—"a man, and a leader of men." Persuaded W. B. to come home, and he hied him off to Kansas to get in order to sail with me on the 26th if possible. Hounding it after cattle on the prairie, and lacking the bare necessities of life, palls after a time on the man who has the means and the opportunity to enjoy English life. Then we dined, out of hours, in the hotel and created dire dismay amongst the waiters. They raised a storm of dust with their brooms and banged the chairs about us, but we hung on and ate and had our way. To the cars after and over the ferry and away for New York. Of course the inevitable baby in the sleeping-car (American women mostly travel with their babies) and an aged and infirm couple opposite me—woman sour as a crab, "seamed with the

shallow cares of fifty years," and the man shrivelled like a walnut, on whom she kept the eye of a basilisk. They blinked feebly at my lamp and called the conductor and complained of the glare and he told them he had no control over it but I heard it all and shut up lamp and book and so to bed.

October 17th.—Wet in the night—the better for travelling. Through Indianapolis to Columbus—country mostly cultivated but flat and unpicturesque till we began to skirt the Alleghanies. Autumnal colour in the woodland here very pretty, maple mostly, a deep red, and hickory, but I miss the beech, the king of autumn trees for which hickory is a poor substitute, and the British oak. The pest of American railway travelling is the itinerant vendor of the cars. In he comes, always slamming the doors, pushing his noisome wares into your hands, willy nilly—candy, bad fruit, cheap books, note paper, &c., and leaving them there till his highness chooses to call again and see if you will "purchase any." My old couple opposite had provision enough for a siege and ate and grumbled and mumbled and took physic all the day through, and hated me well when I had my window open. Scandalized too was the old lady when some men near played cards—pursed up her mouth, looked fearfully outraged and finally found relief in some eminently religious book which had the usual somnolent effect of such literature. Sat mostly outside the car the day through, and we went a pretty good pace—thirty miles an hour on the average for 1,039 miles. In the evening reached Pittsburgh—the Wolverhampton of America—sky all lurid overhead from the furnaces and then on the P. C. Line to Philadelphia. A long talk in the evening with the conductor—conductors of sleeping-cars

are great men—and he told me of his history and his experiences of the war and how he won his commission and how he was captured and how he escaped with an Englishman, and to bed and a splendid night of sleep.

October 18th.—Breakfast at Philadelphia and a talk with an American man of business who had lost his health in trying to make his fortune and told me a story I have heard often enough—a dyspeptic race! The travelling American one meets in the cars seems sometimes totally wanting in courtesy and manners, will join in a conversation between strangers at another end of a car, pry into your private papers if you leave them on your seat, has the impertinence of the Frenchman without his superficial politeness. If you don't care a rap for any one, no need to stamp the feeling on your countenance and tag it to every sentence. Bad enough the worship of bulls and of birds as in Egypt, bad enough the servility of serf to lord and priest in feudal times, but a total and ostentatious want of respect for everything human and divine is more hideous than all. An unpicturesque people even to dress—what a poverty of resource—with the eternal little black tie and the infinitesimal stud on the expanse of shirt. "All come in time," say the wise ones. "A good substratum to build on—foundations ever look ugly and bare." But although unpicturesque himself and not a great lover of the picturesque in nature (when walking with Americans in England I have been struck with the preference they have uniformly shown for towns or a suburb of villas to mountain or open moor) the American is brimful of sentiment of a certain sort—his eyes will flood with tears over a painful and exaggerated scene from his favourite Dickens and he will go into ecstasies at Kenilworth,

Canterbury, and such places in England, typical of the very things the old Puritans left their homes to avoid. The relics of older civilizations of which America is full he does not much heed—mound builders and rock figurers. And then another feature is his marvellous sensitiveness. He is always looking out for insults—if you are not perpetually praising something in the country you are liable to give offence, and “chaff” as we employ it they do not at all allow.

Made New York at noon, drizzle and fog, a striking contrast to the sunny Colorado. Over the river and to the bankers and there a budget of letters and cables and cards. Business and writing all the afternoon. In the evening met a North Country M.P. at the Brevoort, a solid robust millionaire, father of thirteen children. Disgusted with all things American, intensified in his conservatism, and carrying back to Europe a head full of new notions to be discussed again and again over the port for which his soul is pining. We sat up till two in the morning philosophizing and prophesying on America and things American. At six he sailed. “Plenty of time to sleep on board, and such a pleasure to meet an Englishman.”

October 19th.—P. is here—breakfasted with me. General Palmer is here—every one is here I wanted to see. Lord Q. was at the hotel—he and his cousin have come over to look at a property in the West. Tyndall is here too and Froude, both lecturing. Engaged the whole day on business and in the evening dined with Dr. L. and discoursed away with him and his friends till a very late hour.

October 20th.—Out to breakfast—rise
thing to do—at General Palmer'

who went with me, but we got no breakfast as Mrs. P. had taken the opportunity—well! these things will occur I suppose in the best regulated families—but ladies should really be more considerate—hungry fellows too—however, P. posted off for a doctor and I to an adjacent hotel where I got a very mean breakfast, and philosophized on the marriage state generally. After, along the avenue to see the “swells” of New York—the town is in full fashion now—all in their Sunday clothes, some pretty dresses about, and Prayer Books in hand plenty. Then to lunch and to make some calls and a walk with P. in Central Park—where the fine people had got into fine carriages—and back to talk with D. and Q. and dinner with a strange mortal—friend of every one in the world who talked for two hours without our getting a word in edgeways and finally went off leaving me in possession of a very rank cigar from New Orleans.

October 21st.—First to my bankers, and answered a number of letters, then interviews with a host of people—which kept me till four. At the hotel on returning N. turned up to my delight. Been to the South—very vexed he hadn't come with me West—
anxious to get home—would dine with me. So Q. and D., he and I all dined together at Brevoort—a most excellent dinner and we all had lots to say—and Q. had a box sent him for the Opera, but we would not go, but we got up into his bedroom and talked away till midnight.

October 22nd.—Down town, and deep in business all day, and likely to be every moment till I leave. Mr. M. asked me to meet Mr. Froude but I was engaged to dine in Fifth Avenue. A nice house; I like the plan.

One long large room occupying the whole of the ground floor furnished *en suite*, and constituting the only reception room. You dine at the back and then after dinner the ladies first and afterwards the men, come away front. Conversation at one end does not interfere in the least with conversation at the other—and so you get space and air and light and a sense of largeness around making favourable contrast with an English house of the same size where every room is devoted to a particular purpose, and where there is rarely a draught through a succession of cupboards in fact. Matter of climate mostly, but there is a sense of comfort too about a shut door and an absolute absence of women,—for a time of course only.

October 23rd.—Mr. L came to breakfast and all day in the city on business. Afraid I must postpone my journey home for a week. Dined with N. at the New York Hotel, and then to hear Froude lecture on Ireland—a large but not very appreciative audience—sympathy so far as it went more with England than Ireland. These elaborate historical essays are better to read in the morning paper than to hear amidst dust and gas and heat. Then to the opera with Q. where he had a box. *Don Giovanni*—Lucca and Kellogg the stars. A fine house and a full. Little beauty and much jewellery. Few chignons, on the contrary, some of the hair was very naturally dressed and in good taste, but sadly pale faces the girls had mostly—a bad climate this for colour; even our Englishmen lose their bloom quickly. Then to meet P. at midnight to settle some details and to say good bye.

October 24th.—Business down town all the morning without interest save to those concerned. In the after-

noon took train to a place on the Hudson and was driven round to see the autumnal tints of which they are so proud here, but which to my notion are not equal to ours in England. Stayed and slept in a country house where the great feature was the daughters. Queer girls, bred in a groove and thought there was no world out of it. Expressed opinions on all sorts of subjects in heaven above and earth beneath and of things under the earth. They looked upon an Englishman as an utter barbarian—as one who systematically beats his wife, gets drunk and swears. I trust I confirmed their impressions. Here too I met a New Englander of the orthodox type, who held the use of wine and of tobacco as sin most deadly; who snuffled his speech as one of Cromwell's troopers might have done, and spoke generally as one of the elect by his own choice. But he did not look very wholesome and his talk was far from interesting and I heard later that his commercial morality was not reputed stronger than his drink.

October 25th.—To town by rail with a face as of mumps but lots to do. First to a meeting of Boston folks who had come over especially, then to see Mr. A. and R. and H. and G. and many others. Then back to meet the Michigan people and with them two hours when P. called and a talk to him, and dinner with Q. and M. and C. H. and D. and Q., a very pleasant party. C. H. who really is a good carver, and has lawful pride therein, fell sadly over a canvas-back duck. It was cooked to a turn and its beak was turned round and pinned into its breast. The blood of the bird is somehow collected in or behind the breast, and the beak should be drawn gently out and the blood allowed to flow as gravy before incision. But C. H. did not

know this nor any of us and extending his wrist-bands and handling his weapons and eyeing well the bird—we all regarding him—he made a deep cut in the breast. Out with pent-up force spurted the blood, in great tide making straight for the operator's white waistcoat, and sending his own blood to his face, such was his surprise. By the way when I came in this morning, I heard a prodigious noise in one of the bed-rooms. And there was poor M. with his Irish blood up, assaulted on the one side by Q. with a bolster, and on the other side by D—none of them dressed—such a *mêlée*—breaking crockeries all round, upsetting everything, but mostly American propriety. After dinner wrote and smoked with the party in L.'s room till they all went to bed, but I had enough to occupy me and so didn't go to bed at all.

October 26th.—All things ready—settled to sail and will. G. B. and L. to breakfast at eight. Then comes D. with packages of papers and then Dr. L. Last of all W. B. turns up, nearly in time to be too late. Into his carriage and away to the bankers and got him some money and then to the White Star office and got him a berth and back to the Hotel in time to get things together, bid them all good-bye and get on board the steamer—poor W. more dead than alive with ague and haste. A sort of influenza has attacked all horse-flesh in New York, so that few conveyances run and we paid over £1 to come a mile, and glad to do it. And now the mails have come aboard of the good ship *Baltic*, steam is up, a melancholy band performs feebly in the fog and drizzle (no London weather was ever more wretched than this last week of New York weather) everybody fusses about and stands on the stairs where

the luggage bearers and sailors find difficulty in moving—women are weeping, and the air is full of good-byes and last messages. We four Englishmen have ensconced ourselves in the stern out of the way, smoking our pipes and all delighted to be starting back to England again.

And so adieu to America and the Americans. A grand country full of resources of all kinds and rich and prosperous it must be—a people pushing and energetic *ad nauseam* but not grand (grandiose in talk surely) or picturesque or in any way interesting in mass. Not a country to travel in for pleasure or make holiday or take rest in. The holiday-maker is out of tune with the folks around him. As with the little boy in the nursery story all the animals are occupied with their own affairs and they have no time to play. Only when you get West where there are but few people and fine scenery, then you get a change. And the great Republic that we hear so much about—it seems to me very much like a great failure for many practical purposes—I cannot admire it in any great measure. I can admire to see how well people get on without government at all and how they will bear taxation so long as they are left to their own devices in the matter of making their own fortunes but by-and-bye, it appears to me, there must come a change; certain active minds will want intellectual occupation—their own fortunes will have been made and they will never be content to allow the central power to rule *the State* unless that central power is strong and pure. And these are attributes which at present don't pertain to the central power. Then there comes the element of self-interest. The agricultural west talk bitterly of the

manufacturing east, who levy heavy duties on the clothing and many other of the necessities of life of the former. The South—crushed though it is—harbours an almost ineradicable hatred of the North and this Southern feeling is an uncomfortable element in the Union should some other disturbing element spring up in force; the interests of one State clash with the interests of another—and how are all these animosities and diverse interests to be ameliorated and arranged save by a strong central power, and *that* you look for in vain. Instead, you find a clique of jobbers and wire-pullers mostly seeking some petty matter of self-aggrandizement and few pursuing a broad politic course of home statesmanship. The South irritated by a taxation which is spoliation, the West paying for keeping in the country the New Englander's shoddy goods when he would fain get good European stuffs, the representatives of each State selling and jobbing their power at home and selling and buying power in Washington—therefore, it appears to me, that the United States may before very long be split up into distinct governments. If within ninety years of their national existence they had so keen and so close a struggle as that of the five years' war between only two of the existing class interests, can one feel very sanguine of a future, more pregnant perhaps than the past, with elements of strife?

Meanwhile, with a corrupt judiciary, corrupt officials of all sorts, a low-toned and unscrupulous Press to which neither private life nor public honour are sacred, and, worst feature of all, the best men in the country standing aloof not only from political but from municipal action—it behoves a thinking American to be a little careful before he points in triumph to the success, as a matter of government, of the Great Republic.

November 3rd.—We expect to arrive at Queens-town to-morrow morning; on Tuesday therefore we should be at Liverpool and then our very pleasant voyage will come to an end. Indeed the voyage has been, to me at all events, a most enjoyable one. We have had stormy weather from the day we started until yesterday. Wind at first dead ahead, but, after, a strong gale from the N.W. and then with all sails set we went at sixteen knots an hour, the *Baltic* behaving like a racing yacht. She is a magnificent ship, and to my mind superior to the *China* in very many respects. People on land are eternally saying "The White Star boats are well enough but they are not sea-boats." It seems to me that their great length gives them great advantages and certainly the officers are all in love with the ships. Captain Kennedy who has been on all the Cunarders best boats does not think one of them can compare in sea-going qualities with the *Baltic*. For such heavy seas as we have had the rolling has not been very severe. Then the internal arrangement is altogether superior to that of the Cunarder. Saloon, amidships, airier lighter and more elegant. A comfortable smoking room—water laid on to the state rooms (supplanting the rickety jug with its impending flood at any lurch of the vessel) electric bells and above all a bath, giving you waters drawn from the sea itself. Save for one day, when the ocean was altogether too grand to allow of doing aught but keep on deck and look at it, our course of life has been very even. H. and B. and one S. and E. we formed a little English clique, and lived very much in each other's society. Turn by turn we took the bath in the morning—not a Yankee bathed

the voyage through I firmly believe—and good that briny bath was; then a run on deck and a word with the captain and breakfast—after breakfast on deck again, and walk for an hour, then to reading or writing till lunch at one and on deck till four when whist till nearly dinner, a blow on deck and a change and dinner at six, to the smoking room then and after another rubber or two—upon deck in the starlight stumping up and down till past midnight and all the lights are out. That has been our routine of life mostly; but to-day is Sunday, so we have no whist but service in the saloon and holding forth from a popular Boanerges, with floods of metaphor, ocean and life and eternity and what not—a general improving of the occasion in fact—the result of the meditations of a week's illness, for poor Boanerges has been dreadfully ill—and by-and-bye in the evening no doubt there will be a singing of hymns on deck, as last Sunday, with very pretty effect. We have four in our state room. W. B. who poor fellow, has been sick and ill all the voyage, two Yankees and myself. W. B. is the most unlucky wight that ever lived I think. He has ventured out on deck once, and once only. He had not been out five minutes, when he ran against a freshly-painted spar, and then when directed where to go to the lamp-room for some turps to take the paint off—he wanders away on the lower deck, we ship a heavy sea and he gets wet to the skin, and with his Ulster coat dripping and his big boots full of water presents an appearance so comical that all on deck are laughing at him. So he takes to his bed again and wisely concludes that's the safest place for him. Our two Yankees are very sad specimens—they are armed with revolvers which they

carefully place under their pillows at night and in their trousers' pockets by day. On the whole the ship's company is a better one than the *China's*. The commercial element is confined to six men who look as though they had lost money or were about to lose it. There are two eminent divines, one of them from Liverpool, a very fine fellow—great on deck with blackest of pipes, and good at the smoking-room story; the other a Quaker—undoubtedly pious but rather a bore. Ladies are beginning to appear but they have had a bad time of it, poor souls, and yesterday we had a little music and singing for the first time. None of them are very handsome, notwithstanding all the heightening of charms which the gallant old ocean induces—but there is a fine fresh-looking little English girl, who has monopolized my sea-chair and as she becomes it better than I do, she has had full possession. Then there is a man suffering from *delirium tremens* with his attendant (who oddly enough is always singing drinking songs)—a Jamaica planter and some forty others, mostly sick, and dull at other times. Some sixty steerage passengers also, who have suffered very much I'm afraid from the incursive seas which must have gone into their very berths and soaked their only clothes.

November 4th.—A gale from the south-west last night—wind, rain, and thick fog—rather awkward off the Irish Coast with no observation taken to-day either by sun or stars. At midnight on deck peering into the darkness we detected a steamer a little off—up went our rockets and a blue light burned away aft. She answered the signal and proved to be a Cunarder outward bound. So we knew where we were and next morning sure enough we were awake

by the dropping of anchor in Queenstown Harbour. A horrid drizzly foggy morning with damp which went to the vitals. "Sure and it's only a mist," said the tug captain who came to take our mails off. Then the Irish passengers landed and S. and E. so whist is at an end, and the British cheer hung heavily on the raw air as the tug steamed off in the fog. We have beaten all the steamers that left New York the same day that we did and caught the *City of New York* which left two days before us. So the captain is pleased and rubs his hands and we all go down shivering to our porridge, and the steward puts the clock on two hours which no one seems to grudge, and then we discuss the news in the Irish papers which is wondrous little.

Peter Maguire dead, Coleridge to be made a peer and Dowse out of the Commons—all sad events. Felt all day like school-boys breaking up with some of the boys gone home the day before. Cribbage with H. instead of whist. Rain unceasingly and a great many last pipes at night for to-morrow morning we shall be off Liverpool, and the little company which has seen so much of one another for the ten days past will be broken up—to meet incidentally at odd times and places, man by man to re-discuss that voyage in the *Baltic*, and pass on. One gets to know more of a man one week on ship-board than in a whole year of London society and no one knows who anybody is, so that every one has to stand on his own merits and be judged and take place accordingly.

Nov. 5th.—10 A.M. Here we are at the Liverpool Wharf and now for London and the winter's work.

FROM VIENNA TO VENICE.

GREY in the mists th' imperial City lay
 Behind us ; and the fertile Danube plains
 Shone red with harvest in the morning sun.

Up, as to heaven, we climb the mountain way
 Beside the torrent ; cross the black abyss,
 Spanned by great arches,—work of daring man ;
 Grey crags above, against a sky of blue.

Anon, a glimpse of upland valley homes ;
 A sound of bells ; a breath of new-mown hay ;
 Then, through the mountain heart of Semmering.

So, from this height we travelled gently down—
 By hairy hills and castles crowning them,
 And sight of snowy Alps and forests far,—
 The slope to Gratz,—set fair upon the plain
 With citadel and spires, roofs which burghers own ;
 All bright and glorious in the noonday sun—
 The centre and the pride of Styria.

After, by cornlands, pastures, red-walled towns,
 Broad rivers, busy mills, dark fir trees, heights,
 And stately homes of princes of old blood.
 By sunburnt peasants, who, with courtesy strange,
 Clad quaintly, gave of fruits to thirsty men.

Marburg we pass, and Steinbruck and Laibach
 (Founded by Jason whom the Colchians chased),
 And other cities set by river-side,
 Through Carniola and Carinthia.

Then—sudden, to a country parched and dry,
 Nor tree, nor life, redeemed the waste of Karst ;
 And here we heard of caverns dark and weird,
 And of a lake which vanished all at once,

And of a fearful wind which raged at times—
The “Bora,” full of death to man and beast.

At last we turn, and lo! a sudden change;
Now vines and olives, fig and chesnut trees,
Clothe the glad earth; a city at our feet,
Washed by the waves—the waves of Adria.
The distant land we see is Italy,
And there, all glowing in the setting sun,
Stand up the purple hills of Istria.

* * * * *

Night by the sea; the stars' light half subdued,
For blaze of that strange visitor* to earth;
A crescent moon—a hush—and all is still!

* * * * *

The morning breaks; a stir—a sound;—a sight
Of palaces of marble, flashing domes,
Gilt roofs, tall masts, bridges, and laden quays;
Red campaniles; flying gondolas;
A famous City rising from the sea!
A princely City wedded to the wave!
A soft, strange tongue calling “Venezia.”

July 7th and 8th, 1874.

* The Comet of 1874.

CAMBER CASTLE.

No road leads to it, for it lies alone ;
 Amidst the flats that stretch away to sea--
 Alone, in ruined grandeur under heaven.
 Nor ever sound breaks the dead stillness there,
 Save the wind's whistle, and the sea-mew's call,
 Nor ever men go there, save wanderers.

And thither we two walked one winter's noon,
 And sat, and smelt the sea in every breeze,
 Sitting, and sketching from the castle wall.

Westward rose Winchelsea, clothed in dark woods,
 Half hiding distant downs. Eastward stood Rye,
 A cluster of red roofs around a church ;
 An ancient cliff, with shipping at its feet ;
 While white beneath the sun stretched south—the sea.

But all was silent—town, and sea, and land.
 Only, as moving home, we crossed a ditch,
 Flew out a king-fisher and skimmed the flat ;
 Only, at sunset, as we neared the town,
 A robin redbreast sang its winter's song.

January 24th, 1875.

SKYE.

MOUNTAINS midst sea—an island tempest-blown,—
 Where all is huge, and lone, and desolate ;
 (We ran the length of it one winter week,
 Northwards from Quirang, southward to Coruisk).

A land where rarely brightens any sun,
 But o'er black rocks the waters leap and roar
 In tawny torrents, to the sullen moss
 And onward, till they stain the bordering sea.

There, giant cliffs and crags, clothed with the clouds,
 Stand from the waves which ever buffet them ;
 And there, vast boulders strewn on mountain tops
 Tell of the Glacier age when all was ice.

In corries dark and deep, the red deer lie ;
 High on the scaurs the eagle rears her young ;
 And curlew wail, and hern stand statue-like,
 Midst myriad fowl that fringe the dark sea lochs—
 Follart and Snizort, Amort and Scavaig,
 And others, from the Vaternish to Sleat.

Small trace of man, save in the rough hewn stones
 Reared on the battle fields, where ancient clans
 Fought hand to hand. And from afar there looms
 Dunvegan, the wild home of island chiefs.

October, 1875.

SECOND JOURNEY TO AMERICA.

ON the 3rd April, 1876, in company with the Professor, I started for Vera Cruz. About two hours after we got on board the steamer was under way and soon the spires of Southampton and the long line of the Netley Hospital were dim objects in the distance. We rounded the west point of Southampton water and we thought we could just make out the beautiful ruin of Beaulieu. The Channel was calm as could be and we passed between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. The sun shone out all afternoon and showed us cliffs and clefts, trees and towns, clearly as we passed. I had never sailed down the Channel before and it gave me occupation to recognise the position of the various places as we passed. Lymington, Weymouth, Bridport, Lyme, &c., having walked all the coast at one time or another from Beaulieu to the Land's End. A good dinner was well punished. There were no absentees; it was quite another affair next morning when the Atlantic swell rolled under us.

The 4th and 5th April we spent in finding our sea-legs, got up late, walked with caution, ate with fear, and sympathetically discussed symptoms and re-

sults. By the 6th all was settled ; I think the Professor was a breakfast to the good.

We had roughish weather all the week and on Saturday and Sunday (the 8th and 9th) quite a gale. The seas were very fine and often broke over the deck. The ship also rolled considerably. Those two days it was no easy matter to walk at all. On the night of the 8th we sighted the Azores. Until the 11th the winds were almost always contrary. By the morning of the 12th all was changed. The trade winds blew us gaily on. The sun shone with great power ; an awning was laid over the quarter deck. We saw the "Portuguese men of war" sailing around us and masses of 'gulf weed' floated by. The passengers appeared in summer clothing and the dullest face lighted up. Existence, irrespective of occupation, was a very pleasure.

The ship can carry over 200 passengers and we have but 60, so there is abundance of room. Our berths are most airy and comfortable. I have never before occupied one so excellent in all respects.

Our passengers are as nondescript as our crew. The latter are a motley lot, and the captain curses them royally and calls them landlubbers and tailors. There are a few old and first class hands. These instruct the others who have been picked up haphazard at Southampton and will probably leave on the other side. There are some negroes, not many.

The officers are a very superior set. We are friends with all of them. But chiefly, we like the first officer and the first engineer. The former is from Whitehaven the latter from Newcastle, fine men, both of them—big, prompt, decisive. The purser is an old friend of

the Professor's. They knew one another in Greytown years back. He is a little man—good-natured—a trifle consequential, but how could man be purser and be otherwise. The captain is quite a character—a thorough seaman I should think. Dogmatic almost to the prohibition of argument, one-eyed, and with a voice like platoon firing.

Let me not forget to mention in language of eulogy the Butcher, as the Professor calls him, of the ship. He is a Hampshire man and a butcher as is a butcher at all points he would have satisfied the exacting Launce. We have seventy sheep on board, one cow, two rams—fine fellows, Jamaica bound—geese, ducks and fowls in plenty. Also a dog or two and some pets. All these the butcher cares for. He milks the cow, kills the sheep and slaughters the fowls. Coming back he will bring two "tigers" (jaguars) home he tells me. Then there is the ship's carpenter—he is a worthy artisan, ingenious in all things and has made a cribbage board for us. These men and many more have been in all parts of the world and have much to tell. Most of them live around Southampton. One of the quarter-masters told me that he lived at, and his wife managed, a little bit of a dairy farm, just by where stood the Cadenham Oak. It is pleasing to think of "Jack" exchanging the rough seas for the leafy coverts of the New Forest.

Now, for the passengers. First and in all respects foremost stands a Yankee—the only one of that ubiquitous nation on board. He is a splendid fellow and can talk both incessantly and well. Standing six foot two inches, with fine brown eyes, jet black hair, and surmounted by a highly distinguished wide awake, he runs

as little chance of being unseen as unheard. He has done much in his thirty years of life. Born in Michigan, in a little town a mile from the Canadian frontier (which I visited in 1872) of half western, half French parentage—he found himself at fifteen years of age serving in the Northern army. For five months he was a prisoner in the South—almost starved, cooped up in a railway truck—grinned at and spat upon through the bars by Southern “ladies” like a wild beast. Then for three years surveying, fighting and exploring in Western America, northwards to Alaska, southwards to Arizona. Then in northern Mexico mining, and thereafter serving for three years in the Khedive’s army, exploring the White Nile and there he made a marvellous march across a desert—three weeks without water. Now he is at work “running” a gold mine in Venezuela, and dominating endless difficulties with Anglo Saxon energy. Last January he was carried on board the steamer half dead with fever and came to England. Thence to Egypt and now he returns to his work. Though he has done all this he is not one bit boastful, but talks away, most amusingly, of all that he has seen and heard.

Then there is an Australian—native of Sydney. He left Sydney in January last and is travelling round the world. He grows and makes sugar near Sydney and will stay a month in the West Indies to see to sugar matters there; then by way of San Francisco, home. We have some acquaintance in common.

Third,—is a lieutenant in the Navy who is going to join his ship at Jamaica.

These are our chief associates. Most of the other passengers are Spanish Americans—wretched speci-

mens of humanity, undersized, sallow and dyspeptic;—there they sit all day on the deck, grouped together, Simian-like, spluttering out Spanish, garlic and tobacco. It is a fearful sight to see them eat. Fresh fruit, meat, vegetables and pickles of every sort, are mashed up with varied sauces and landed somewhere near the uvula with the point of a knife.

There are a few commercial travellers, three doctors—one of them an Irishman, and as mad as Bedlam going out to a Government appointment—God help his patients—two ladies and three children; “lady” is an elastic expression on ship board, and means only a passenger in petticoats.

Truditur dies die. This is Good Friday that I am writing on. Nearly a fortnight has slipped by and the story of to-day is the history of yesterday and the prospect of to-morrow.

At half-past six I awake to find the sun streaming in at the open port-holes. We are so high up that we can nearly always keep these open. Then I pronounce with great distinctness the word “Professor.” Immediately the opposite cabin door opens, and the Professor says, “Hallo! how are you?” He has never varied this expression. Now we converse together, or read lying in pyjamas. At about a quarter past seven the bathman comes, and we go to bathe in the salt water freshly drawn. This is very pleasant. Every day air and water both get warmer, and to-day we are in the tropics. Then I dress, scantily and lazily, and get up on deck to walk for an hour before breakfast. I do not know how the Professor spends that hour. I surmise from certain indications in his cabin that he spends it in plagiarising matter concerning “ice action”

from a great tome which he has abstracted from the library of the Geological Society and brought with him. But he is very secret over his work and was mighty peppery when I spoke to him of my surmise, so I think it well to say no more.

Nine is the breakfast hour, and then we raven as wolves. Afterwards a pipe on deck and now I get away forward and sit reading. All is life around. The sailors are mending sails; we had two carried away that stormy Sunday. The carpenter is busy at his bench; odd bits of brass are being rubbed to brightness; the decks are spotless. The sheep are penned out in the sunshine, and as one nods over one's book dreamily and smells the sheep, and hears the farmyard sounds, one is carried back to some little English country town on high market day, and the brawny butcher leaning over the wattles and feeling the sides of his flock helps the illusion. But all around is the deep blue sea of the Atlantic, and all the day and all the night the trade winds blow us on towards the Indies. Now the ship is as steady as a rock. Masses of gulf weed float by—bright yellow on deep blue—and constantly the flying fish skim the water beside us—now in, now out,—like “ducks and drakes” played with silver stones. The pretty petrel comes too glancing over the waves as martins do over village ponds, and the Professor shows me how they work their wings as sails without muscular action and thus manage to remain so long in air. By-and-bye the chief officer will come up and we have a talk about the hills of Cumberland and what not. Then the captain or the chief engineer. And so the morning drifts away and at noon all the officers are hard at work with their sextants and the Yankee makes a little pool

of one shilling each, and we raffle for the run which is generally between 260 and 280 miles, and the captain is always close to the winner with his charity box. At 12.30 we lunch and dine at five. From two to four I write, and from four to five walk the quarter-deck with the Professor or one or other of our friends. After dinner we have a general pow-wow in a particular corner of the deck. There assemble the Yankee, the Australian, the navy-lieutenant, the captain, the Professor and another or two. Then the Yankee tells his stories, and the captain his. Chaff flows round and this is the hour for the best cigars. Meanwhile the sun sinks down before us with a beauty which each day varies. The air is fresh and cool; and stars, new and strange to me, come slowly out. At eight we go down and play whist. There are two rubbers. The Professor, the chief engineer, the purser and I, play together. Every one is cheerful and jokes fly to and fro the tables. So we work our brains at the price of sixpence a point till 10.30. Then the Professor and I take half an hour's walk on deck. It is deserted now, save for the watch, and the stars above are very brilliant. Jupiter especially shines over the waters from the west like a lesser moon.

So we spend our days, and already we look as sun-burnt and feel as well as though we had made holiday for a year. I think the Professor enjoys the life thoroughly. He has developed great capacity as a tailor and plies his needle with industry. He disappears in the afternoons, but whether he is engaged in plundering that big book he has brought or, more innocently, in sleeping, I do not know and dare not, owing to his uncertain temper, inquire! I can hazard

a conjecture that it is the latter from his aspect on emerging before dinner. Now and then there is confusion in the ship. A bell rings violently. Out tumble the stewards—up rush the stokers and cooks and the miscellaneous men below—all with blankets in their hands. It is the fire alarm. The men man the boats, and the officers call them over by name. This is for practice, and the men enjoy it much, mostly the stokers glad to get on the upper deck and breathe the fresh air. If the alarm were real there would not be so many smiling faces.

One thing amuses us. The cocks made a great crowing in the morning and disturbed the chief officer by whose cabin they are stationed. So he had the cocks and hens separately cooped. Now never a cock dares crow, for so soon as one begins and before he can as it were get a word out of his mouth, the others peck and worry him till he ceases his effort. And so, the chief officer rests in peace.

S. S. EBRO,

April 17th to 22nd, 1876.

Soon after sunset on Easter Sunday we sighted the light of the Isle of Sombrero and on Monday morning early we were anchored in the harbour of St. Thomas. There was a German vessel sailing in the afternoon for France and England and we were told that we might send letters by her if we were quick. So the Professor and I got into one of the numerous boats—all manned by negroes—which came alongside and were rowed to the shore. Then we found the Post Office and stamped and mailed our letters, rather dubious over the stamps though, and the change we got in paying for them from the negro official. We returned, getting pretty well

splashed in the journey, to breakfast on the ship. Two other steamers were now alongside her. One, the *Ida* which was to go down the islands to Demerara, touching at various places *en route*, and the other the *Ebro* which was to take us on to Vera Cruz. Our ship itself was bound for Jamaica, Colon and Savanilla. After breakfast the Professor and our other friends and I went on shore again to explore the town. The Professor and I have, it appears, to stay two whole days in St. Thomas. The majority of the passengers are going to one or other of the islands by the *Ida*, and she sails at noon this day. The heat was intense. There was air on the water, but the air was as that of a furnace. I was very thankful for the white cotton umbrella I bought at Southampton. All the shops in St. Thomas were shut or nearly all. It was Easter Monday and the inhabitants were "spreeing" as they called it. A bookseller's was open, and I bought there a map of the West Indies and a photograph of the town. The Island of St. Thomas is a ridge of rock (volcanic, the Professor says) running east and west, and not above 1,200 feet high I should say at any point. Towards the base of the ridge is some flat land,—not much. The houses are built on this and climb up the hill behind,—flat, red-roofed and chimneyless. The harbour is land-locked on all sides but the south, and is something like Dartmouth—specially at night, but not to my eye so picturesque. We expected to see everything green, but save for some palms fringing the shore, all vegetation looked brown and bare. The land was as if it had been burnt up; so indeed it had. We had arrived at the close of the dry season; no rain since January 1st when a slight shower fell. Now the rains will come and in two or three

weeks the whole island will be green once more. We said good-bye to our companions who had to return to catch the *Ida*, and then started along the eastern road from the town, running at the base of the ridge. The road was thronged with holiday-makers,—nearly all negroes. They were in high glee and high colour. Brilliant handkerchiefs bound round the head—a bright chintz dress, scant as gay, and bare feet or cheap high-heeled excruciating Paris boots, characterized the females; whilst the males wore anything they could lay their hands to, and happy was he who could top his frizzy head with a white felt hat, and could breech himself in stripes of blue and red. Beside our road were many and diverse trees. All were new to me, and some to the Professor; often they were laden with fruit—cocoa-palms, bananas, mangoes, pines, sugar-canes, papaws. So we walked along, now and then stopping to admire some new and beautiful flower or fruit, or to watch some large insect or lovely butterfly which flew across us. Down in this flat, things were not so burnt up as on the hill-side. When we had got about two miles on the road we turned off through a thicket of trees towards a point on the shore for which a good many of the holiday-makers appeared to be directing their steps. We emerged at a pretty little bay of the sea called Mosquito Bay, with a shore of white sand,—a thick and varied vegetation running down to the edge of it. Here was an animated scene. Family groups were scattered all along the shore. Some sleeping, some feasting under the shade of the broad-leaved trees, others bathing in the shallow waters of the bay. We walked the whole length of the bay, and were very well amused. Later on, we heard, they would all

fall to dancing, and there would be high jinks. We then made a *détour* for the purpose of striking the road we had left, and, having found it, we also found some oranges, on which we regaled ourselves, resting. Then it was that we watched the beautiful movements of the humming-birds which came within two or three yards of us, hovering over the pine-plants, into the flowers of which they inserted meanwhile, their delicate tongues. Pretty lizards peeped round the boles of trees at us, and every instant the attention was distracted by the appearance of some novel insect, flower or bird. Amongst the latter, a little dove—the size of a lark—fawn-coloured with red wings—gained our special attention at once by its beauty and its tameness. We collected seeds from many of the plants which were in the fitting condition, and treasured them for our friends at home, who will I trust receive them gratefully and with full knowledge of the fact that most of the tropical plants protect themselves from touch by developing thorns of remarkable point and length, and very numerous. We had now a walk of about three miles home, and so soon as we neared the town we again fell in with the holiday folks, who generally addressed us, and who were altogether great fun. Then we heard sounds of music and dancing, and looking through the windows of the house whence these sounds proceeded, we saw a negro ramming away at a broken-down piano, and others dancing round him—mostly females. A little further on there was a big wooden shed with floor and walls, but no windows, erected. Here was a tremendous business going on. Dancing of the most artistic class. The music consisted of bits of iron struck

together and the scraping of a gourd with a stick—the gourd having been previously roughened. The sounds were not unpleasant, and the steps which they led were most intricate and diverting. All the niggers danced with their hats on. One, nobly dressed, was master of the ceremonies apparently, and gave the word of command. Now he would lead a fat negress out—I believe the selected partners were the fat, not the young or pretty ones—then he would commence a movement towards her with his knees, both beaming with pleasure; then with solemn faces they slowly revolved, then quicker and quicker, their faces quite ecstatic; then with the knees again. The room was very crowded, but there seemed to be no ill-humour and no jostling. I asked one pretty little girl outside why she did not dance. “Oh,” she said, “I am not invited.” After this we saw another dancing-room, and then we got back to the town and took a boat and went back to the ship. The *Ida* had sailed and all our things had been transferred on board the *Ebro*, where we had each a separate cabin and a comfortable. We accepted an invitation from our friends on the main ship to dine with them. Old Captain W. when he heard of our walk, “Ah,” he said, “just like Englishmen, taking a long walk in the hottest part of the day, and then wonder they are ill.” But we weren’t ill, but in mighty good appetite and drank champagne and tipped the stewards and said “good-bye” to everybody and then took boat and went to shore again. The streets were full of people, and there was a masquerade proceeding—that is to say half a dozen negroes were dressed up in paper and tinsel and paraded the streets in “Guy Fawkes” fashion. The negroes are easily amused. So

we walked about with three of our shipmates—dull fellows—and sat in a garden and drank lemonade. There was a German war-vessel lying in the harbour and some of her crew—very fine men—came ashore and assisted the negroes in their festivities. At nine we rowed back to the ship, and there in the southern sky across the waters rose and lay the Southern Cross which I looked on now for the first time. We slept on board the *Ebro* and talked awhile, before turning in, to a man who had just come from Venezuela—close to where our friend the Yankee was working his mines—with some marvellously rich specimens of ore (gold). These mines near the mouth of the River Orinoco, seem to be very productive and profitable but the climate—pestiferous.

Next morning, the 18th, when we came on deck, our old ship was no longer in sight. She had steamed out early and as our steamer was going to "coal" all day we went off directly after breakfast and did not return till just before dinner. This time we walked westward along the island. Through some lowland,—over some scrub, and then up a long, long hill under a brilliant, broiling sun. We met few people, and these on the outskirts of the town. It was no longer "spree." We heard a woman railing at a man and saw that some had drunk not wisely but too well the previous night. The top of our hill gave us a magnificent view of the island. We sat down under a great gum tree, close by a ruined sugar-cane mill. To get to this tree we had to get over a wall, loose made as in Scotland. We could hardly cross without throwing down some stones, and as the black proprietor was just then engaged in putting stones up, we thought he might take umbrage at our proceedings, but he did not but came and gave

us his back and helped us over and after, brought out a box for us to sit on, and told us much. I could not but contrast his conduct with that of a certain white proprietor into whose potato plot I once inadvertently jumped when running down the sides of Old Sarum.

So we sat and looked over the view. Island after island rose up, black and steep, from the deep blue motionless sea. The town of St. Thomas lay below us in the mid distance and before it was the port, full of shipping of every class and alive with boats rowing to and fro. On the other side stretched the island to its end, beautiful in shape, but in colour not—hurrying to hide its burnt sides in the blue of the sea.

We munched oranges and were very lazy for an hour or so. Then we retraced our steps, for Sol was too strong for us; we could not take the walk we intended round the island and back over the ridge. But we collected some seeds, and arriving in the town sat in a botanical garden and ate oranges again and mangoes, and chattered with the negress who ruled the place. Then in the afternoon strolled about the town looking into shops, buying books, and generally idling. Dined and spent the evening on board. We played whist in our shirt-sleeves—Mr. Heine, a Cuban planter bound for Havana, the chief officer, the Professor and I. I noticed that the chief officer was stiff in moving his leg and further that there was a mark as of blood on his white trousers. It appeared he had just been stabbed by a negro on the ship who was drunk. The man had been put in irons. The negroes all carry knives, and when they get intoxicated they are dangerous,—at other times harmless enough.

Early in the morning of the 19th we steamed out of the harbour of St. Thomas. There are few passengers on board the *Ebro*. There is Mr. Heine and a Spaniard who is going to join the Legation in Mexico. An agent of the Royal Mail Company also going to Mexico. These with a lady and two daughters from Bogota are all the first-class passengers. Fortunately these females speak not a word of English or they would be very troublesome. They smoke after meals and don't behave well; we all think them a bad lot, save the Doctor who spoons one of the girls, neither of them being able to speak to the other.

We are all precious lazy, reading and roaming about the deck or playing a game called "bull" in the morning. After lunch there is no one to be seen—all go to sleep. In the evening we play whist. In the afternoon of the day we left St. Thomas we dropped anchor at San Juan, the chief town of Porto Rico. It is a handsome town, strongly fortified, and the bay which it commands is a fine one. There was a good deal of shipping in the harbour. Amongst it, the *Octavia* about which there has arisen the trouble. The plant was a very clever one. It seems the vessel has for some time been engaged in landing arms to aid the Cuban insurgents. At last it was bought by an English merchant, who is a Jew, resident in Jamaica, with a full cargo of arms aboard. The vessel had been for some time closely watched by a Spanish man-of-war, and this sale was not a *bonâ fide* one. However, the *Octavia* started from Porto Rico for New York. The man-of-war followed, captured and brought her back, confiscated the cargo and threw the officers and crew into prison. Now the English merchant claims indemnity and will

surely get it from the Spanish Government, for he sailed under English colours, his papers were all in order, and he swears he was bound for New York. All the Spanish officials can do is to aver that the vessel having been notoriously engaged in helping the Cuban insurgents for a long time past, they were justified in thinking that its suspicious cargo was also intended for their aid. The owner's reply is very ingenious. "If," he said, "I buy a stick or pistol of a murderer, am I to become responsible for the misdeeds which another has committed with the weapon?"

After dinner we steamed off again—and then the day was almost over and the view was a very fine one. The setting sun lit up the lofty mountains of Porto Rico with brilliant and blended colours, revealing to us also the great stretch of luxuriant forest growth which lay between shore and mountain. In the foreground little ferry boats sped swiftly across the bay, their white and odd-shaped sails standing out sharp and clear from the blue water behind them. To the left lay the white-walled town—watch towers hanging abruptly over the waves. Soon it was all left behind and we were busy with our "tricks" and "honours."

All Thursday we steamed along the coast of Hayti—some distance off. The land is one full of trouble and indeed, dissatisfaction with the "powers that be" seems pretty general now in the West Indies. Friday noon we sighted Cuba and Saturday and Sunday we shall be coasting along it towards Havana where we lie one day.

Always now the sea is calm and the wind favourable. We are in the N.E. trades which are persistent throughout the year. The crew is composed entirely of black

men, as being cheaper and standing the climate better. There are some strange-looking deck passengers on board—one of them has a pet racoon and another a monkey. They are all half-breeds.

The coast of Cuba presents no very great elevation. The Pan of Matanzas is the highest land and it is 1,277 feet high. There are some famous caves near Matanzas which we talk of visiting on Monday, if time admits of this. Matanzas is eighty miles from Havana, but there is a railroad all the way.

We steamed into Havana through a terrific storm of rain accompanied by some thunder. The men who rowed the pilot out to meet us came clad for sun which was shining brightly when they started. They made fast to the steamer hoping to be towed in, but the rope snapped, and they had to make their own way to shore in the storm and must have been completely drenched. One could hardly blame them for lack of foresight, this being the first rain which had fallen for eight months. The entrance to Havana is very narrow and is guarded by a powerful fort on the east side; on the west lies the city. The water soon widens, and the harbour is in shape like a steinwein bottle laid flat. Threading our way through much shipping, we made fast to the coal wharf which is on the east side. We could not enter the city without "permits," and by the time they could arrive it would be quite dark, so the Professor and I got on to the coal wharf and walked up the adjoining hill. Vegetation was much burnt up, but Nature, detesting nakedness, as ever, had in many places twined round the scorched trees and shrubs pretty flowering creepers. These must live almost wholly on the dews. Magnificent aloes were dotted

all over the hill-side; their enormous flower-stalks towering up 20 to 30 feet from the ground looked like forest trees themselves against the sky. We saw a brightly marked humming-bird attending on the flowers of one of them. Numbers of bats emerged in the twilight, and one very large one the Professor rather thought was hawking after the others, *sed dubito*. Further observation was lost, as the geologist projected a mass of volcanic rock at the great bat who went to hunt in calmer spheres. Half-way up the hill we found a diminutive king crab. The hill was surmounted by a fort, but no hostile demonstration was made towards us, though there were many soldiers about. The insurrection seems for the present to have been almost quelled. It was dark when we regained the ship, and now we heard news from the city, news from England—*vidē* New York—of Lord Shaftesbury's motion—of snow and rough weather in divers places,—news from Mexico five days old—very bad—a battle going on in Vera Cruz—communications with the capital stopped for days—the railway broken in four places, the Government altogether unable to hold its own. We all decide, however, to go on to Vera Cruz. The Spanish Secretary of Legation threw himself into the attitude of a hero and said "I go to Mexico." The *Ebro* lies four days at Vera Cruz, and it will indeed be disappointing if we have to come back in her finding it hopeless to proceed. Great changes may occur in eight days.

Next morning, Monday the 24th, we started after breakfast for the city, in the Captain's boat, the Captain, the Professor, two others and myself. The shipping lying in the harbour was very picturesque in its variety and amount. The sun shone fiercely and the

white city gleamed like a glacier. We landed at some broad stairs, thronged with boatmen, and greeted the "Paris of the West Indies." First, we walked along the wharves and quays where was great activity and quantities of goods of all kinds, exports and imports. Then to our Consulate, where we got more news and mailed our letters for Europe to go *via* New York. We could not prepay the postage. May the value of our communications save us the execrations of our correspondents! Then we wandered up one of the main streets, —shop-gazing. The streets are very narrow but full of life and colour; the houses are low with balconies, and in many parts quaint and old; the sideways give room but for one person to walk at a time, so that you frequently have to step into the roadways. These latter were dry but ill-paved. One could easily imagine how, when London's wet streets were like narrow, the disputes so constantly referred to by our writers arose, as to the right of wall-side. From house to house awnings are stretched across creating a close but agreeable shade, and adding an extra item to the novelty of the scene. Of course there were many cigar stores and we watched with interest the wonderfully quick manipulation of the Chinamen engaged in counting the cigarettes and folding them into the packets in which they are sold. Chinese labour seemed much employed. We saw Chinamen paving the streets and working at the docks and in the buildings as well as in the shops. We emerged at the Plaza where is the great café and the theatre (Tacon) and most of the newer houses. This part of the town was very incomplete, but will when finished be very fine. The rest of the party were now tired of walking, so we left them, and the Professor and

I walked down a broad boulevard under the grateful shade of some fine trees. A tramway ran beside it. The old streets of Havana are too narrow for tramways. The draught is mostly done by bulls in yoke, which negroes drive. The carts are very narrow and indeed nothing but a few planks with upright sticks on either side to hold in the goods. Though narrow they are long; the bulls are light-coloured, patient and picturesque; they are driven by a goad.

One thing surprised us much. All over the city pecked and chirped the little London sparrow. The Professor would not have it at first and wanted to make it a variety, but ultimately we were both satisfied—there he was, cleaned of his soot, gay and glad, the same inquisitive, pugnacious, bustling, little bird that hops around St. Paul's. I am very fond of sparrows. They are the only birds that visit the denizens of London in the wild state, and they know as much as the rats in a ship. Men, women and horses go about their business in the streets unheeding that they are watched. But the sparrow knows all about them and their goings out and comings in, and regards them from his vantage-ground on the houses incessantly. Not a nosebag drops from a horse, or indeed aught else, not a boy buys a catapult, not an old woman keeps a "tuck-stall," but the sparrow knows it. It goes to my heart that a certain elderly relative of mine should stalk about his demesne with a deadly breechloader—single-barrelled though it be—intent on the destruction of this trusting bird, the favourite of the loveliest goddess amongst the immortals! The swallow and the nightingale go and come with summer, but the little sparrow is always with us, and his lively chirp is as much a winter as a summer sound.

But we are in Havana, not England. Down to the end of that long street we tramped, and it led to the sea. There we inspected a coral reef and an open sewer. Birds of the vulture tribe—ugly but useful—hovered and settled about this latter. Turning round by the west mouth of the harbour, we came upon strings of light-made horses and mules bathing, naked negroes on their backs. They took them out far into the sea to make them swim. It was an animated scene—the town, in profile—the busy harbour—the thronged streets,—and the plunging horses with their boisterous riders. Then we inspected a stoneyard and saw great variety in the material used—granite, slate, limestone. The coral rock seems also to be much used for building. Now, we worked back to the town and passed some fine houses, private dwellings apparently, with courtyards and galleries in the interior. We looked into the university, an old and picturesque building bearing the impress of the Moor in its tracery and general style. The students regarded us curiously. They carried satchels and wore odd designatory hats shaped like a sugar loaf with the apex cut off. Near here we saw an inviting-looking restaurant, and there we lunched. Two omelettes, made to perfection, a melon, a pine, some small bananas,—which are the best—a drink made of lemons and some bread. We looked about after, for a place to buy American newspapers and found them at one Wilson's, an Englishman, also the London *Mail* of April 5th. There are very few Englishmen resident in Havana, not a score, we were told. And now we explored another part of the city and found an open place where were statues and fountains and a pretty garden and shops round—like the Palais Royal—and

girt with baobab trees. There were some fine flowers in the garden and I got some seeds from an attendant. At 3 P.M. we took a boat and got on the *Ebro* which at four swung round and we steamed out of harbour.

From this to Vera Cruz, Monday at four to Friday morning—by Yucatan, over the Campeche Bank and through the Gulf of Mexico we enjoyed superb weather. Always the sun shone brightly and the level blue laid round us with hardly a ripple. In the evenings a cool breeze sprang up, and the Professor and I would get on the bowsprit and watch the setting sun and meet the pleasant air, whilst great porpoises sped along beneath us frolicking under our very feet and throwing their bodies from the water in their glee. Sometimes swallows skimmed with us for the day and often pretty land birds would alight and fly about the deck and even into the cabins. This was a very enjoyable voyage. The women from Bogota had left at Havana. The officers of the ship were very good to us and the captain is a specially pleasant man. Then we are very well attended to and allowed to do pretty much as we please, a condition of things which I confess suits me better than "rules and regulations." The only thing which troubles us is that we may not be able to get to Mexico, but we postpone the consideration of that trouble until we get full news at Vera Cruz.

We arrived at Vera Cruz at 7 A.M. on the morning of the 28th April. Mr. S. came on board with the Company's agent and we were delighted to see him. He said, that the line to Mexico was now open but that it was occasionally interrupted by the "pronunciados." He said that the country was in a bad state generally but had no doubt about our getting to Trojes. He

himself had been stopped by banditti on his way to some mines north of Mexico three or four days back. They took what money he had and his clothes and he was specially sad over the loss of the riding boots he had brought from England. One of these robbers was caught by the "pronunciados" (who stopped poor S. half an hour after his rencontre with the banditti), and shot, but S. did not recover his boots. The "pronunciados" do not profess to rob, it appears,—only to wage war against the Government in a warlike manner. We stayed chatting away on the deck of the *Ebro* till 2.30 and we wrote for the mail—and packed up. Then we started for the shore with the captain and his dusky crew.

Vera Cruz is a pleasant-looking town from the sea—standing up white and clear and with many domes and spires, from the sandy arid dunes which surround it. We landed in the midst of a motley group of Indian half-bred boatmen and loungers, and then we passed the Customs with little trouble. Mr. S. kindly did what was needful—the while the Professor and I watched the great pelicans fishing off the mole, fearless of man and apparently deadly to fish. They hovered in the air, then swooped to the water—caught their fish and settled themselves comfortably on the waves and bagged him at leisure in their pouches. We determined to leave a good deal of our baggage at the agents in V. C. so that we might have a reserve in case we were relieved of that we carried. We got rooms at the Diligencia Hotel. They looked suspiciously of mosquitoes, but faced the almaden so that we had a pleasant out-look. The hotel is quadrangular, open to tl
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courtyard, and having behind it the sleeping-rooms—all the floors were tiled and bare of furniture. Then we took a stroll through the town which was full of novelty, tropical trees and sewage. I had hardly got fifty yards from the hotel when a man came up in official buttons and said "You are English;" I said "Yes." He went on—"I am an officer in the —," naming an American gunboat lying in the roadstead. He introduced me to some fellow-officers of his who came up—telling them he had forgotten my name. He was very drunk and so were all his friends but one. They were intent on getting into some row, to the trouble of the sober one who wished to get them on the vessel again—an attempt which we assisted him in but vainly. There are some good shops in Vera Cruz. Down the centre of each street runs a stream of filthy water over which vultures hover. There is no wonder that the place is so deadly. A large swamp lies behind the town. We went to the baths, they are very fine, paved with quaintly-figured tiles. It was pleasant to wash out the salt and roll in the fresh water again and to enwrap oneself in a sheet and sit in the shady garden which the baths surround, full of magnificent flowers and of singing birds in cages.

We strolled back to dinner at five. In the street we saw a traveller having his portmanteau escorted by three Indians armed with rifles—little bits of things. They were evidently unused to carry arms and were pointing them all over the place. As we passed, one set his rifle against the wall to adjust his pack and the gun would certainly have fallen and probably exploded if we had not caught it as it fell. We had a capital dinner, three sorts of fish, all new, various flesh, salads, and quail, all kinds of fruit, and claret. The captain

dined with us. During dinner the American Consul came in and the captain of the *Huron* and we walked down with them to the railway station to book our places for to-morrow. The American Consul told me he and his six children had had the yellow fever, but none died. We went to bed about nine. The heat was intense but I soon feel asleep and even the mosquitoes did not wake me. Not so the Professor, he could not sleep at all, and woke me at two to say the train left at three. I told him it was four—used no bad language, and went to sleep for another hour. Soon after three we started for the railway station where we got coffee and at four the train started. It was dark of course. Soon the day dawned and we saw that we were traversing a flat boulder-strewn country,—full of tropical trees, here and there a dry river bed. About six we stopped and took up a troop of soldiers, well armed, poorly clad and swarthy. They formed our escort. There were about 150 of them. So we passed through *tierra caliente*, now and then stopping at stations when we would wander off a little way into the bush and pick plants and flowers. There we found the bullhorn thorn, each thorn filled with fierce ants. At one place we saw hairless dogs, pig-like and ugly, and all the time we were climbing up and soon the great peak of Orizaba covered with snow came in sight. It is over 17,000 feet, and little short of Popocatepetl—its feet are in the tropics and its head in eternal frost. Now the vegetation became more dense; enormous trees we passed covered with orchids and epiphytes and with great creepers stretching over them like cables.

Here and there were native villages, each house a few sticks and a wooden roof, the work of a morning, and

round them would lie plaintain patches, tobacco fields, and coffee plantations, also sugar-cane. At Cordoba we got magnificent pines twopence each, and every sort of fruit. As we rose the vegetation changed. It is a marvellous railway, creeping up the hills—now over deep ravines spanned by bridges of great height, now along slopes where there would seem hardly foothold for a goat, and then a curve and you look down upon the track you have just traversed and could throw a stone on to it. At the summit, Boca del Monte, we lunch amongst fir-trees and Alpine plants and put on warmer clothing and I wrap my cloak round me for it is cold. Thereafter we go more quickly across the plateau. We admired much the position of the town of Orizaba as we pass. In a walk from there you can be amongst sugar-canes and bananas or in snow. Here Cortez lived after the conquest and cultivated his immense estates. It is the end of the dry season on the plateau and the dust is frightful. We saw here immense droves of cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and asses, fields of corn and everywhere plantations of the pulque plant—the agave which appears to thrive in the driest places and supplies the Mexican at once with drink, clothing and in former times, paper. We saw no “pronunciados” nor was the line anywhere torn up; the telegraph wires had been cut, and we saw some men on a distant hill who were supposed to be fighting, but I think they were sowing. When Mr. S. went down three days back, one man rode up, shot at, and wounded the engine-driver and then galloped off, and ten days back, the train was stopped and robbed and the colonel in command of the escort shot. We were gradually descending now and it got dark and cold. About 9 A.M. we were in Mexico and

drove to the Hotel Gillow. The Professor and I had one room—a large and pleasant one,—a slight supper, sorted a month's things for the wash, he sorting, I making list, and were soon in bed.

April 30th.—We went first to the baths and felt much refreshed with our night's rest, then we walked about a bit—through the Alameda full of fine trees and plants, amongst which the Australian gum-trees are prominent. They grow at a prodigious pace and have been introduced some years. They are planting the *Eucalyptus globulus* round Vera Cruz to counteract the miasma from the swamps. We saw the Cathedral, some high festival was on and the place was darkened and lighted only by high candles, about which we saw priests moving in gorgeous array. Every corner was full of images, and we were glad to get out into the bright sunshine again. Outside the Cathedral is the great Aztec calendar stone built into the wall and many Aztec sculptures lie around. The streets were thronged. Along the sides of them sat Indians weaving wreaths and bouquets of beautiful flowers. We went through the Museum and saw much that interested us. Coming out, we saw a young lady on a balcony throw away a scrap of paper unconcernedly, a young man picked it up as it fell and walked away. We saw him stop at the corner of the street, read it, wave his hand to the fair signora and away he went. So did we, to breakfast with S., and we ate a great lot and wound up with strawberries and cream. They have strawberries here all the year round, and so in fact all fruits. Then I called on the U. S. Minister, who was specially kind and communicative to us. He has travelled much in Mexico and is going with us to Trojes—also on Don Benito

nephew to Don Pio and he drove us out to the Gardens of Chipultepec. These are about three miles from Mexico, a fine broad road leads to them planted with gum-trees, on each side are arched aqueducts. The gardens lie around a rock which rises in the plain—here were the Gardens of Montezuma and the Aztec kings, miles in extent, full of springs, and magnificent then. Now the rock is topped with an ugly half-ruined palace, the gardens are overgrown and uncared for, and the great beauty of the place is in the views around and the magnificent timber. The cypresses are of immense size and age, but full of vigour and their branches are hung with the grey moss-like parasite which takes here the place of ivy. These gardens, forlorn as they are, are nevertheless the favourite resort of the Mexicans. They ride here, the better sort, and others picnic about. The whole rock, which is some 150 feet high, was apparently sculptured over by the Aztecs or their predecessors. We found fragments of the sculpturing but all the figures had been blasted off by the Spaniards. We went to the top of the tower of the palace, the sun was setting and we had a fine view of the city. It lies in a basin of great size, very level and is entirely shut in by high mountains. We proposed to walk home, but our host was horrified and would not have it. So we drove back and dined at our hotel. We were expecting to start for Toluca at daybreak next day but S. sent us a message that the arrangements would not be completed till next day.

May 1st.—We started off early to get a bath at a famous spring near Chipultepec. A young American, named Tatham who goes with us to Trojes joined us. We walked out, May day, the streets were full of flowers and the songs of birds but that is always so in this land

of perpetual summer and sunshine. The sun was very hot although so early. We passed through the gardens of Chipultepec, and measured the largest of the cypresses with a string we had brought for the purpose; it measured thirty-seven feet, a yard from the ground and was larger higher up.

The spring had been made into a bath by the Aztecs; it is some eighty yards deep they say, but so clear that you can see the bottom. We threw our hot bodies in and swam about. There were boxes round to dress in, and we had to be careful for the Mexicans are very verminy. We returned by the tramway. After breakfast called again on the U. S. Minister who showed us a very fine collection he had made of photographs of the various ancient ruined cities scattered over southern Mexico, Yucatan and Guatemala, cities of which the history is unknown,—a subject of conjecture for all time. He had also a photograph of a cypress he had seen in Oaxaca which measured 102 feet round, quite eclipsing our giant at Chipultepec. Then we called on others to whom we had letters. Afterwards the Professor and I drove out to the lake about six miles off and at the foot of the mountains. We climbed a steep peñon there and the sharp thorns of the cactus nearly penetrated our boots. The view from the summit was very grand. Below lay the lake, shallow and salt. Two hundred years ago it washed the walls of Mexico. It will soon disappear altogether. A few canoes were floating on it. Beneath our feet was an Indian village built of adobe, flat roofed and bare. Beyond the lake were mountains of every shape, size and colour; and far in the distance towered up Popocatepetl, and the kindred peaks, all snow clad and ent. Popocatepetl is over

18,000 feet high, 3,000 feet higher than Mount Blanc. At the top is a deep crater and the Indians are let down it seeking for sulphur. You can descend by a rope and bucket nearly 2,000 feet and spend the night there. All night long the rocks come toppling down, and jets of smoke and steam rush out from the greater depths. When one thinks of Alvarado's feat of this kind in his superstitious times, one can only marvel how such a race of heroes as the Spaniards then were have done so poorly since. You can descend the mountain on a raw hide which you guide by a stick over the sloping ice. If only we have time after returning from Trojes I shall attempt the ascent. Behind us lay the city, very beautiful, the setting sun covering all the domes and spires with a soft rose colour, and behind that again more mountains—black, with the sun's rays floating over them. Mexico is in a plain, quite flat, except for two or three rocks obtruding, and all round this plain the mountains rise two to four thousand feet high, the plain itself being about 7,600 feet above the sea. It has evidently been a lake, this plain, not so long back. The rocks around are all volcanic and some of the lava is quite recent. So we sat an hour or more on our peñon, and tried to make out the various points referred to by Prescott as strongholds of the Aztecs when the valley was teeming with population and industry. When we at last descended we explored at the base of the hill an old but large building now in ruins. It had evidently been a convent and the remains were very picturesque. In the interior there rose a hot spring, unpleasant to the taste but very strong and clear. It was dark when we got back to Mexico and the southern cross shone down the street in which was our

hotel. After dinner I had to go out to see Mr. M., and there I met Col. F. who told us that he could not accompany us. He was packed and ready, but two hours ago he learnt that some trouble had arisen from an American steamer having landed arms and he felt constrained to stay at his post. We were all very sorry for this.

May 2nd.—We were up at five and started for the stage. We took as little clothes as possible as we were very likely to lose those we took. I just took my walking pack and left my watch, money and extra luggage with Mrs. S. The stage was a rough looking red conveyance, much like those in the Western States of America. Eight mules were harnessed to it, 2 and 4 and 2; one man drove, a second, whipped them. The Professor and I went outside, the others in. Our party were armed with rifles and revolvers. We rattled over the ill-paved streets at a great pace and then along by Chipultepec, to a town about four miles distant from the city, Tacobaya. All the way we met crowds of Indians carrying in country produce to the city. They bear enormous weights. Some were loaded with the rough but shapely earthenware of the country, others with vegetables, or charcoal, or skins of pulque. They carry the loads on their backs low down, and it is secured by a band of leather passing round the forehead. They carry a staff and go along at a half trot. They are mostly barefooted. These Indians have great powers of endurance inherited from their ancestors in the days of Aztec Empire, when there were no other beasts of burden. Systems of post by foot messengers seem to have been very complete in those days and Prescott relates that Montezuma had fish brought him daily from

the sea, over two hundred miles, in a few hours by runners passing on the burden one to other.

We now began to climb and so continued for a long time. The road was frightfully rough, the dust great and the jolting terrific. I likewise experienced some uneasiness from the fact that the loaded rifles of our friends inside were pointed in a direct line with our backbones. I told S. I was more afraid of friends than foes. He did not take the remark very kindly. I was much happier walking I found, and so continued to the summit, which is 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the city.

The scenery was very Alp-like, forests of firs, rocks, boulders and ravines, few streams and those small. We breakfasted about two-thirds of the way up. At the summit we met a largish body of soldiery, cavalry and infantry. They escorted us to the plain below, for these heights, "The Cruces" as they are called, were full of the pronunciados now, and always of robbers. Our guards were well armed and active men. If the jolting before was bad it was paradise compared with this descent, for now we went at a great pace, and up over boulders and down into water-courses we had to hang on with feet and hands. The driver had a bag of sharp stones behind him and now and then he threw one with great accuracy at the stern of a leading mule, always cannoning on from one to the other and so incited them to further efforts. We were quite glad when we got to the bottom of the descent, and we changed mules and refreshed ourselves at little village near the source of the Lerma. We were now on the Pacific slope,—the Lerma flows into that ocean; and in the plain of Toluca, a fertile and well-cultivated land situated at a higher level than, but otherwise much resembling that

in which the city of Mexico is placed. Drove of mules bearing produce constantly passed, and files of loaded Indians also. The Toluca plain was very dusty, and we saw as we crossed, those circular dust-storms rise and whirl away in pillars which have been often described as characteristic of these plains. Toluca is towards the end of the plain, and we reached it about 3 P.M. without misadventure. The town was in the hands of the Government. We found it barricaded and everything prepared for a fight. Don Benito had got passes for our party from both sides so we had nothing to fear except the "ladrones" or robbers. After dinner, the Professor and I took a walk up a hill near the town, where were great plantations of agaves and cactus, for the cochineal, and there we gathered some fine flowers and ferns. When we got back we found the town illuminated, crosses covered with flowers put up on the houses and carried round the streets, parties on housetops were letting off ineffective rockets and squibs, and on the distant hills fires were lighted. It was the eve of the Feast of the Cross. I took another stroll round the town later. There are some fine streets and buildings. Everywhere the Indians were squatting on their hams, in the streets and on the steps, wrapped in their blankets, motionless and dirty. Toluca is, or was, the seat of an archbishop. It possesses a fine library, and you can get some scarce books given you there, by sending them in return some modern school books. Colonel F. thus got a valuable collection of old editions.

May 3rd.—We left Toluca soon after daybreak. The Trojes escort had come over to meet us. The captain, Don Ruperto, was a fine fellow, and proud of

his command. The escort numbered about thirty men or more, armed with Remington rifles, revolvers, and sabres, and well mounted on fiery little Spanish horses. We had also a number of pack mules, carrying the baggage, provisions, and £5,000 in silver dollars. Altogether we numbered forty-two men. Very picturesque looked our party, defiling down the rocky road out of Toluca,—the Mexicans with their quaint saddles covered with skins, their legs covered with their shaggy "chaparreras," lassoes hanging to their saddles, guns and swords besides them, and over all the enormously broad brimmed hat of the country, worn at the back of the head and covered with silver and strange devices. The horses were not shod, and it is a wonder how they managed to stand on the sharply pointed rocks over which we descended. We met many Indians coming up from their dwellings on the plain, to their day's work in the city, or bearing merchandise. I rode up to where I saw a man milking the pulque plant, which they do about the time that the plant should flower. It was erroneously supposed in Europe some years back that it flowered but once in a hundred years. The Indians scoop out the central bulk of the plant ; in this a liquid collects, and every morning, this liquid is drawn from the plant. This man that I saw, after removing the covering placed over the receptacle, inserted into it one end of a gourd about a foot and a half long, shaped like a kidney potato. This had a hole at either end and the other end he put in his mouth. He then sucked up the juice which he ejected into a pig-skin beside him. He repeated this operation until he had exhausted the liquor and then he scraped off the cicatrice which the plant had thrown over the wound, replaced the

covering, and went on to the next plant. He could get, he said, over a pint of fluid from each plant every morning for five months together. The juice is treated and forms the "Pulque" or beer of Mexico. The Indians get intoxicated on it, but they have to drink a great deal before this condition is attained, some buckets full in fact.

We halted beside a pleasant stream to lunch, there was no shade and the sun was very hot. After lunch we rode over rolling downs, very pleasant riding, for many miles and Tatham and I galloped on in front. We crossed many pleasant streams, and saw some finely plumaged birds. Often the Professor and I got off and walked several miles. We had to walk a good pace to keep up with the cavalcade. This walking when we could ride seemed to astonish our Mexicans beyond measure. About three we rode up to the Hacienda, where we were to pass the night, having travelled about forty miles since morning. The Hacienda is the homestead of a farm. This one was strongly fortified, and very extensive. At night the cattle from the plains are driven in to the enclosure or open place in the centre; the working Indians squat down in the sheds around; the gates are closed and watch is kept till morning. The courtyard now presented a busy scene, arms were piled, mules unpacked and horses groomed, meanwhile strict guard was mounted over the specie and baggage. We Englishmen hearing of a stream near by went off to seek it. It was some distance off but the bath was delicious. I got under a waterfall and the cold mountain water coming down in force over one's body was most refreshing after the heat and fatigue of the day,—

moreover beautiful flowers and maidenhair ferns grew all around in this little oasis in the arid plain. Returning, we found dinner prepared. It was a roughish place as regards furniture, but we had a table and sat where we could. The dinner itself was excellent. First we had turkey with a trout-like fish inside it. Then we had a turkey stuffed with olives, almonds, pistachio nuts, raisins and all sorts of things—very good. Then we had turkey No. 3, devilled, hot with chilies and redolent of garlic. Tortillas followed this and a great iron bowl of Mexican beans, a national dish; after, a "dulce"—sweetmeats, and coffee. We drank claret at dinner which we brought with us, as did we most of the other things. By the way the chocolate we got in the City of Mexico was the best drink of the sort I ever tasted. It is flavoured with vanille and sometimes with cinnamon. During dinner a thunderstorm occurred and it rained heavily. Afterwards we sat outside the Hacienda in our great coats, for we were at an altitude where the nights strike cold, and looked over the fine view which stretched before us in the sunset. When we re-entered the Hacienda the soldiers had lighted a fire and were gathered round it—and profoundly picturesque they looked as the fire light danced about their dark faces and variously coloured trappings. I got the captain to ask them for a song and some of them sang in low mournful notes queer wailing ditties. We slept about on the floors of the rooms and I slept very soundly, wakening but once when all the camp was startled by the report of a pistol and was in instant motion. It was only one of the sentries whose pistol had gone off by accident. Soon all were curled up again.

May 4th.—At 4.30, before daybreak, the camp was astir and everything was bustle. I got a wash in a great tank which stood in the centre of the courtyard and where the mules and horses drank, then a cup of coffee and we were all in the saddle. There was no host to thank or pay, for most of these upland Haciendas—owned perhaps but seldom visited by wealthy men in the cities—are only frequented by herdsmen, and strangers are always at liberty to pass the night in them. An inroad of forty people under other circumstances might be regarded as rather an infliction. The early morning was very pleasant, the air was cool and our road lay over grassy downs, which the night's rain had turned from brown to green.

We have an odd fellow with us, by name Fountain. He goes to Trojes as machinist. He is a Yankee, and has spent most of his life in the Sierra Nevadas. He stands 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings and runs up anyhow. He was the companion of Mark Twain at the diggings when that worthy "hadn't a cent in the world but a sorry old bust-up mule." Fountain has had "snakes in his boots" and we have to keep him from the brandy bottle. His language, which is not over nice as regards the words, is exceedingly original, and he is a source of great fun as his long legs dangle round his horse and he curses the heat and the road and what he calls his "rheumatism." He told us how one night Mark Twain tied fowls to his legs as he slept and when he (Fountain) awoke the fowls were roosting on his toes, but it is the manner more than the matter of his speech which is so amusing. We saw some very fine birds on the downs this morning, black, with crimson shoulders to their wings, some vultures flew off the

dead carcase of a horse and ravens were always around us. Now we reached a well-wooded country and a hilly, and, no longer on the open plains, it was necessary to move with caution. Don Benito got on to his black charger and with half a dozen men rode on in front, others riding right and left of the convoy. Once we thought we saw some men assembled in a wood, but they did not make any show. Now a thunderstorm came on and the rain was for some time tremendous and rivers of water poured down. Luckily I had my macintosh slung to my saddle. We breakfasted in a clearing and soon dried up under the sun. Afterwards our road lay up a glen by a narrow path in which we rode single file. The timber was magnificent, chiefly pines of enormous heights and of many sorts. Many of the trees had been tapped for the resin, from which the gas is made which lights the city of Mexico. Hills rose to great heights on either side of the pass, all clothed with pines and thick groves of ilex, arbutus and oak. Often the pines had a flowering parasite like mistletoe growing to them. The ground was in many places covered with blue lupine and great bushes of salvias in full flower. When we reached the summit, 11,200 feet above the sea, we had a rest to let the mules get up. The air here was very fine, and fragrant with the strong smell of the pines.

Now we had a long descent to Trojes. The road was frightfully rocky and precipitous. I walked down. Fountain got what he called "fairly busted," and lagged behind. The Professor's horse gave in. We followed down the stream which gives water power to Trojes. About four we were at the Hacienda all right and without misadventure after a month of journey. I was soon

into a pool in the stream, and then we had dinner and walked around. We had travelled forty-six miles mostly rough road, and everyone slept soundly that night.

May 5th.—Trojes is a pleasant place to live in. It stands 8,050 feet above the sea. Too much reliance should not be placed on the odd fifty feet but I give the height as my aneroid gave it me. Behind it the hills rise clothed with fir. Before it lies a plain, flat and fertile. Thereon, right opposite our windows rises a conical hill, wooded, 2,000 feet high from the base. To right and left stretch hills after hills into the blue distance. The temperature is never too hot or too cold. The houses need neither windows nor chimneys. Four leagues off is the *tierra caliente*, whence come tropical fruits and where grows the sugar cane. The sun shines all day from six to seven. The house is very spacious. In front is a long and broad verandah which is always cool; below, a terraced garden where are orange trees in blossom, dwarf palms, and a fine collection of plants, many familiar to the English hothouse. Over the flowers great butterflies come lazily floating, and as I sit writing or reading in the sitting-room, I often see a new variety appear and, dashing down the verandah steps, secure him in the net.

To the east of the house are the Smelting Works, and many buildings. To the west lies a gulch down which the stream flows and up that are the roasting heaps so that no noxious fumes annoy the inhabitants. The whole place is surrounded by a lofty wall. The gateway is fortified and seven well armed men sleep over it every night. Everywhere too, are great dogs, half bull and half blood-hound tied up by day and let loose

by night. Outside the wall lie the houses of the Indians who are practically serfs. Life here is quite feudal. The people seem happy and contented, their wages are small, but in such a climate they can live on little.

There are some thousands of Indians, all born and bred on the estate, and without an idea beyond it. The first proprietor, fifty years ago, exercised despotic authority and things have not much changed since. His tomb now overlooks the valley. In the courtyard there are always some forty or fifty men waiting about for orders, some cleaning their carbines, others their horses. We get up at about 5.30 or 6, take a cup of coffee and some eggs, have a big meal at twelve, and another at seven. The company at table is all male. There is Don Benito and Don Roberto that's S.—we are all Dons now—S.'s brother, Mr. Hillegeist the smelter, the Professor, Fountain, Don Manuel, Don Miguel, and Don Ruperto and Tatham. Don Miguel is a very wonderful man. He talks incessantly, and nothing stops him when once he starts off. Plate after plate full of food to which he has helped himself may be removed untouched but he does not take any heed, and thinks he has dined heartily if he has talked largely. In the afternoon of this day I took a ride with Don Benito round the plain, following the course of the stream. On our return we met Don Fernando from Angangueo, who had ridden over to see us. He looked just what one would imagine a baron of old would look as he rode under the gateway arrayed in full Mexican costume and mounted on a magnificent black horse, followed too by his small but well-armed troop. Don Fernando is head of the mines at Angangueo. He has lived in the country twenty years, and although a Ger-

man by birth has become quite Mexican in his habits. He is very popular with the men for he has always a kind word for them, but he will stand no nonsense and occasionally when any of them are on the grumble he dashes in amongst them on his famous black horse and slashes at them right and left with his sword.

May 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th we spent very pleasantly in Trojes. I always got a pleasant bath in the stream in the early morning, and the rest of the day was spent about the works and riding and walking in the surrounding country. Once we went into Anganguéo (where the Professor spent three days) and saw Don Fernando at home. His style throughout is rough but hearty; he takes you in his arms and embraces you thoroughly, remaining for some time patting your back in a very loving way. For any one who can drink no beer he has great pity. A table in his sitting-room is quite covered with beer bottles, and he seemed to be always opening and drinking these. Anganguéo is a very pretty little town hid from Trojes by a hill, distant some six miles, a pleasant shady ride. On our return from Anganguéo we rode down to the plain and sent for the "mosas" to hunt the bull. All the village turned out to see the sport. First singling a bull from the herd, one of the hunters dexterously throws the lasso over his horns, another lassoes his hind leg—they both spur their horses diverse ways and down goes the bull on his side, quite helpless—then a piece of cord is placed round his body, a man mounts his back—the lassoes are loosed and off goes the bull, the man on his back having a difficult task to sit him. All the field gallop after. Then the bull is lassoed again—the man dismounts and the bull is taunted by the riders against

whom he rushes within the limits of the lasso, they easily avoiding him. When let free again the final coup comes—away goes the bull, the horsemen after him. One after another tries to seize "Tauro's" tail, and the feat is to swing him over on his back by this appendage; this accomplished, "Tauro" is allowed to rejoin the herd and another bull is singled out and subjected to the same treatment. One of the riders got a bad spill—horse and man—in trying thus to throw the bull. It is an animated scene, and not I think, as such sports go, a particularly cruel one. The men manage their horses with great skill and their picturesque costumes and wild shouts heighten the effect. One day I went out to shoot deer with the hunter. I got up before daylight, and we went on foot as the "pronunciados" were in the mountains and might take our horses. We tramped a long way over mountains and in deep forests but saw no deer though we found many traces of them. I did not think much of the hunter. At one point he dodged about some bushes for an hour, now on all fours now standing like a statue. I thought he had seen at least a deer but it turned out to be only a "Jackass rabbit." There was some magnificent timber in the forest, and the walk was a very interesting one. In places the ground was thickly covered with maidenhair fern, as with the bracken in England. Enormous bushes of *Salvias* we found everywhere, bright humming-birds darting from flower to flower. I sat nearly all the afternoon in the forest watching the birds, some of which were of great beauty of plumage. When I returned, Don Benito, Tatham and I had some practice up the valley with our rifles firing at a mark which we peppered pretty completely at 200 yards.

On the 8th, S.'s brother, Walter, rode over from the Oro mines, about sixteen leagues off, of which he is manager. The "pronunciados" had made a raid upon him and had cleaned him out of food, clothing and everything. They came in at midnight. He went out to parley with them but they rode him down and shot at him; then he hid in the wood pile and, when they had gone, rode over here. He seemed very prostrated and was unable to eat or sleep. We gave him a good dose of Pyretic Saline, and a hot bath; next day he was much better.

On the 9th we had news of a battle near the Oro in which the "pronunciados" were defeated by an inferior force of Government troops. The Government men fell on the "pronunciados" when the latter were asleep,—more than 100 "pronunciados" were killed and many wounded. This is a severe engagement for these parts but when we got into Mexico on the 14th they had had no news of it. To this defeat, however, of the "pronunciados" is to be attributed a great deal of our immunity from annoyance in going to and from the Oro.

All the 10th I was at work at Trojes, and in the evening the Professor and I took a last stroll up the valley. It was sunset and everything looked very peaceful and beautiful. The Professor was not very well, however, having a sort of dysentery.

On the morning of the 11th we started soon after five for the Oro. Walter S. had gone back the day previous. Don Benito rode direct to Toluca, where we should probably meet him. Our party consisted of Tatham, S., the Professor, myself and three Mosas well armed. At Angangueo we picked up Don Fernando who was to conduct us. It gave us great confidence to see that

martial figure at our head on his noble little horse. I rode this time on an English saddle, and had Mr. Hillegeist's horse—a strong, good-looking chestnut. Horses here are very cheap—ranging from £5 to £10 and very good too. Leaving Anganguero, we struck up the mountains by a little stream. The ascent was very steep and at the summit we were about 10,500 feet above the sea. Then we rode over a plateau covered with dense pine forests, ilex, cedar and fine oaks. These rides through the forest were very pleasant, the air was cool, the trees shading off the sun, and sweet with the sweetness of the pines. Now we startled some beautiful bird or heard some strange note from the forest depths. Then we would come to an open glade where would run a stream, and there we would have a gallop, except when constrained by Don Fernando to keep in martial array. We always had a scout in advance of our party, but at any moment a shot from amongst the trees might have come and knocked one of us out of the saddle. At 2.30, we reached the Oro—the hacienda of which is large but not so well fortified or so beautifully situated as that of Trojes. Walter S. told us of a tank he had made near the works, 30 feet deep, and of great length and breadth. Thither we at once went for a swim. Don Fernando held up his hands in horror and swore great German oaths when he heard of what we meditated doing. He and all the residents here have a belief that to bathe in the sun after a journey is a most dangerous practice. However, it was very delightful to dive into the clear water and swim around the tank. A Mosa brought chairs, so that we dressed in luxury. Here a comical thing occurred and the Professor received an injury at my hands which he declares a life-

time of good conduct will hardly redeem. The sides of the tank were cemented and it was some distance from the water to the top of the tank. I got in first and scrambled out first all right. Tatham also got out without help, but he had to go to the aid of the Professor who could not get out without his assistance. We then set to work soaping ourselves in a stream which runs into the tank, the inhabitants watching the operation at a respectful but still short distance. Now when the Professor had finished his soaping, what does he do, but splosh into the tank again. He immediately essayed to get out seizing hold of the sides and of a projecting spout and indulging in a variety of gymnastic efforts fruitful only of damage to his own body. He called out lustily to Tatham for assistance, so also to me. Tatham was washing his feet but went and tried unavailingly to extricate the heavy Professor from his difficulty. Then it was "— — Do come, I am scrazing my leg." The Professor and Tatham declare that I replied "Leave him in for half an hour." Certainly I did not move very promptly to the rescue, but when I did I did so effectually, although almost paralyzed with laughter at the spectacle presented by a philosopher slung up between the waters and the sky and vainly essaying to get on to dry land. He was very reproachful though and afterwards described my conduct as simply Satanic; I, on the other hand, maintain that a gentleman should not be lightly interrupted when he is engaged adjusting his small clothes, that the Professor was in no immediate danger of his life—and that having once experienced the difficulty of an exit, it was not the act of a true philosopher to throw himself into the tank again without previously arranging matters with us.

I tried to wind the matter up by a joke, but I saw that the Professor was not appeased, and many times since has he referred to what he describes as my "perfidious act," quite forgetful that I ultimately saved him from a watery grave.

When we got back to the house we went over the works and Tatham became very white and fell down in a sort of fit. He was all right next day but Don Fernando did not lose the opportunity of pointing his moral about the ill-effects of bathing in that climate under such conditions.

If, however, Don Fernando did not bathe his outside, he certainly did not neglect so to treat his inside. The quantity of beer he drank was something extraordinary, to say nothing of port and brandy. But he did not get the least drunk, and after dinner went down a mine with the Professor. I went around with Walter S. and he showed me where he had been shot at and trampled on only four days back, and where he had hidden so that they could not get at him to show them the gold room which was very carefully concealed.

They were erecting some modern crushing machinery on the works, but the crushing we saw was mostly done with the time-honoured "arastre." Some seventy odd mules, six or seven in each circle, all revolving round and round, boys beside them keeping up their energies with whip and tongue. The mules were hooded, and their action involved the crushing of the ore between great stones. When these mules are unharnessed and sent out into the yard for rest and food, they often begin to walk round and round again in unmeaning fashion. I watched one doing this—poor victim of a habit—and somehow I got thinking of folks

I knew at home, who leave their business haunts at the close of day and go home and dine, and then *might* devote themselves to some of the varied pursuits which modern thought and life lays open to them. Might, but don't; it is the bargain they have been making—the case they have been arguing, round and round they go, in talk and thought, whether the harness is on them or whether not. There was a queer old man named Hill who was lying very ill in bed when those “pronouncers,” as he called them, came, and his description of what they said to him and how all the women of the house came and clung to him was very comically pathetic. I got hold of a capital book here called “Rovings in the Pacific.”

A troop of some twenty-five “pronunciados” were camped a little distance from us and we could see them going out and in and coming a few hundred yards off but they made no show. Slept on the floor, and the daybreak of the 12th of May found us riding over the downs towards Jordana, where we were to take the stage. It was a lovely morning and we soon got over the few leagues we had to ride. Nearing the Jordana, we sent forward a Mosa to prospect, as Jordana might have been in possession of the “pronunciados,” and in that case we should have dismounted and sent back our horses at a gallop. However, the news was that they had started out to rob the stage further up, so we rode into Jordana and sent off the horses at once. Poor old Hill came with us; he was going to consult a doctor in Mexico City. This was the scene of S.'s escapade last year when some Government troops rode after him thinking he was a robber and he fled, thinking they were “pro-

nunciados;" he gained the hacienda before them but was shot at.

And now we had a journey of over fifty miles over a dry country and an uninteresting one—to Toluca. I rode on top, the heat was great and the dust blinding, —moreover, the persons outside displayed a curiosity as to the value and nature of my clothes, which was not a little embarrassing. The jolting was terrific, and it was during this journey that my walking-stick was stolen from the top of the diligence, I think by the coachman—it was my olive stick and I regret its loss but it was the only thing I lost in Mexico. We congratulated ourselves on this score for every traveller we met had been recently robbed. We stopped now and then at villages, and at these the stage was always beset by blind beggars led by children; they had been blinded by small-pox which is very virulent amongst the Indians. They are pitiable objects and make a piteous sound. On the journey we saw the mirage across the plain. By night-time we reached Toluca where was Don Benito, and after a good supper went early to bed to rest our jolted bones.

May 13th.—We left soon after daybreak for the city of Mexico, traversing the same road as that by which we had come. As before, it was thronged with Indians carrying their heavy packages of merchandize or driving their donkeys or mules. It was a long ascent to the top of the hill and when we reached the top we were stopped by some "pronunciados." They did nothing, however, except pry into the coach, and converse with the drivers, with whom they seem to be in accord. We rattled down the descent on the other side at a great pace obliging us, on the outside, to

hold on with hands and feet. When in sight of the valley of Mexico and almost of the city we were stopped again by some dozen ragamuffins on horseback and armed. They set to work at once to undo the baggage covering behind and we thought we were going to lose all our things. They, however, only extracted the mailbags and then sat down on the roadside coolly turning over the letters and opening them, munching mangoes the while which they took from the passing Indians. I think they took out only the Government correspondence and then, so far as I could see, they put some other, perhaps forged, letters in place of them ; they also stole the newspapers. Then they replaced the bags—took no notice of us, and on we went. They were a poor set physically and the Professor and I felt we could have tackled them alone with Nature's weapons, but one has to repress one's pugilistic tendencies when one's foes are bristling with revolvers and various arms. What was our astonishment to find at Cantadero, about two miles lower down the road, a force of 200 Government troops ; they also were munching mangoes and amusing themselves, and yet these few men above had stopped the mail for some days past in exactly the same place.

Here we breakfasted, and after taking up a wounded soldier we journeyed on into the city. It was a beautiful sight as we descended into the valley,—thick black thunder-clouds were creeping over the hills we were leaving behind us, and before us lay the city, and the valley, and the lake, all basking in the sunshine and far behind, the snowy peaks. Then we passed through the pleasant suburb of Tacobaya and by the aqueduct to the city, where our friends greeted us as men returned from an expedition into a hostile country. We went

round to the baths and cleaned ourselves and had a good dinner. Then I went to call on Colonel F., the head of the railway, and he gave bad news of it, for he said that the line was cut in several places and no train had passed through for some days. I called on our old friend, the Secretary of Legation. He had most thoroughly installed himself in the city, and got out his official costume to dazzle me with its splendour of gold and crimson.

Then I called on S. and found his wife very happy at his safe return. Mrs. S. shewed me some handkerchiefs made of cambric which the Mexican women work up very prettily. They draw threads out of the cambric and then work up the patterns ; they are difficult to get but I managed to obtain half a dozen for the delectation of British females. The news from the railway was very bad ; the last train that had gone down had been fired into, and a passenger wounded in the head ; the train was thrown off the lines by rails being taken up and the sleepers removed and then the lines replaced as though all were right. However, we were determined to catch the steamer of the 18th if possible. It was late and very sultry when we walked back to the hotel. The streets smelt abominably. Typhus rages in Mexico, and notwithstanding its great elevation the death-rate there is three times that of London. Every house has in it material enough to poison a whole city. The cesspools, which are hardly ever cleaned out, are placed close against the kitchens.

I was just getting off to sleep when a knock at the door came and in walked Mr. C. He was in a great way about the railway. I told him I thought things would go from bad to worse and that he had better

make a start with us, but was rather short with him as I wanted to go to sleep.

All the 14th I was discussing our business with Don Benito. He had a troublesome little Mexican lawyer to his aid—and we discussed the various clauses of our contract with much warmth. I came very near shaking that little man. There were two or three points on which neither of us would give way, and it was agreed that we should leave their decision till to-morrow. I bought a most beautiful bouquet over a yard in circumference this morning for 1s. 6d.—sweet, with an infinite variety of blossoms. It is one of the pleasantest incidents of life in this city to see the Indians selling these bouquets beside the street in the early morning,—they are made with great taste, and placed in one's bedroom, assist to ameliorate the smells of the city.

The 15th again was wholly devoted to business. In the morning Mr. Potts came along. He proved a very agreeable old man and he helped me to buy some photographs, as also some of the silver-work for which the Mexican workmen are famous. There is very little of native manufacture in the country worth taking away. This morning I thought I would go in good force to discuss the vexed questions with Don Benito, so I got Mr. Potts and Mr. G. to go with me, and by-and-bye, as we did not make much progress, Mr. Potts and I went off to Mr. Dondé, one of the best lawyers in Mexico, and he advised me that I was right in my contentions. So we were all to meet at his office at 5 P.M. In the interval I bought some of the delicious chocolate of the country for home consumption. I also went to the railway office and found that a train with 500 soldiers had started that morning to clear the line. Mr. Jackson

the Superintendent, was very obliging. He gave me a circular note addressed to all the officials on the line, ordering them to forward our party in any case, either by push-car, mules, horses, or however would be possible; also private letters to some of the principal officials. At five we met at Dondé's and there was a regular wrangle between all parties,—they hammered away in Spanish, tore up bits of paper, bounced about the room and made such a dreadful noise that I was fain to get out on to the balcony. I was to dine with Mr. G. and so he and I walked off, leaving the rest to settle the points which I would not concede. We got late for dinner, but we had a very pleasant one. The U. S. Minister was there and a man named Ashby from Orizaba, who had been thirty years in the country and had much to tell. He promised to send me some orchids from *tierra caliente*—there are none in Mexico or around it, to speak of. Mr. F. gave me some photographs and he also considerably gave me his Government despatches to carry, which would be of great assistance in case we fell amongst the "pronunciados." About eleven I left and went to Mr. S.'s to say farewell there, and S. and I after went to Don Benito's. There we found that the difficulties were nearly settled, but we talked away till past midnight and then Don Benito became very sick and gave in and signed the needful papers and we said good-bye to him and his partners. S. returned with me to the hotel and we had considerable work to do together. It was nearly two when we left and it was three before I finished my packing. At 3.30 I went down to call the other men who had gone early to bed and soon after four we were all on the road to the station—the Professor, Tatham,

C. and I. S. did not turn up,—he wrote to me afterwards to say that he had overslept himself. Mr. Jackson was at the station and gave us his assistance. We could only book as far as Orizaba. There was a great number of people leaving in consequence of the previous delays and of the fact that the American and French steamers were both advertised to sail on the 18th. At five the train steamed off, and we left Mexico, where we had experienced so much kindness from our English and American friends.

The view as we passed through the valley was magnificent. The morning was quite clear and as the sun rose its first rays fell upon the great peaks of snow and the range in the distance. I can never forget the beauties of that landscape and that sunrise combined. All things picturesque in nature seemed to conspire to produce one grand general effect. Meanwhile the train rattled on and one hardly thought it possible that interruptions could occur. We stopped at San Juan, where are the great Pyramids, which we could well see from the railway, and there, for a few pence I bought some relics, idols, &c., from an Indian boy which he had gathered from them. We had got about sixty miles from Mexico when we came to a standstill. At first there were all sorts of varying rumours, but the truth, was that the "pronunciados" had cut a bridge just in front of us which it would take some hours to repair; so we returned to the nearest station—a wretched little place called Soltepec, which we had to contemplate from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. This was a bad business, at the outset of our journey too, and some lost heart of ever seeing Vera Cruz before the steamer sailed. It appears

that the engineer saw a man on horseback waving his hands to intimate danger and pulled up, otherwise we must have gone over the chasm. This man had seen the "pronunciados" at their work of destruction and had ridden from the neighbouring hacienda to warn us. The engineer, who was an Englishman, was very bitter in his remarks about the "pronunciados." It was a wearisome business waiting at this station. Circular whirlwinds of dust would occasionally sweep across the plain and involve us for a few minutes in dirt and obscurity. There was nothing to eat at our resting-place, and every one was looking out for an attack from the "pronunciados." "It's mighty rough travelling," said a man opposite me, who claimed to be a Spaniard, but who spoke English perfectly though blasphemously,—he had been all over the South American continent, and was lately in the wreck of the *Shannon*. He was very excitable all the time and smoked cigarettes incessantly.

I had provided myself before leaving Mexico with a hamper, containing bread, hard-boiled eggs, two fowls, and two bottles of Bordeaux. These came in very opportunely and we made a good mid-day meal. I had to check Tatham, however, for improvidence in eating three eggs, and thereafter rationed out the due proportion of food to each; it was necessary to be careful, for we might be a long time on the road.

By four the bridge was mended and we pushed slowly forward, going very gingerly over the weak spot. The telegraph wires lay coiled beside the road in indescribable confusion, and our inability to communicate forward by wire was one of our chief obstacles to progression. By midnight, after many stoppages we

reached Boca [del Monte where commence the zigzags and steep descent of nearly 10,000 feet. Here we decided to sleep. We got some food at the station and I replenished my basket—a stroll in the starlight, under which everything looked calm and peaceful, and then, curled up in the railway carriage, we went to sleep. It was cold and I was thankful for both rug and great-coat. At five we were up and soon after 'on the move again. C., who was in another carriage, seemed quite out of heart and we were rather ashamed of his moanings—however, I believe the poor fellow was ill.

And now commenced a journey of great beauty. The morning was very clear and at times we seemed to be almost under the snowy peak of Orizaba. We went very slowly and cautiously, and we could not but reflect how the movement of one rail would in many places suffice to hurl us over frightful precipices. The "pronunciados" have not, however, as yet interfered with this part of the line. Our train was followed by another consisting of an engine and a single carriage, in which latter was a relative of the President with his wife and family, fleeing the country. The "pronunciados" would certainly have gone for us had they known he was there, as he is a man much hated in the country. At about 8.15 we reached Orizaba without accident and now we were amongst plantains and tobacco-fields and all tropical fruits again.

Orizaba is but eighty miles from Vera Cruz, and as it seemed doubtful whether or not we could get on by railway, I at once started in quest of the Superintendent to get his advice. This gave me a ramble all over the town and at last I found my man at the dentist's. He told me he thought we should get on, but in deference

to my letters he would in any case send us on either by horses or push-cars. As there was plenty of time to ride down before the steamer started we felt pretty much at ease. There was a large force repairing the line below, and we were expecting a Mr. Shirley up, who would inform us exactly as to the state of affairs. The "pronunciados" had made an attack on Orizaba yesterday and had taken the telegraph apparatus from the railway company. They were mostly drunk, but notwithstanding this, the Government troops had taken good care to charge out of the town so soon as the "pronunciados" came in. A good deal of shooting took place but only seven men were killed or wounded. All these fellows prefer to be shot at at long distances. In a drinking place of the town I descried the rubicund face of a Mr. Law who came out with us in the steamer. He was still complaining that he had been "properly humbugged" and told me one of the bullets in the fight yesterday went "very near" him. There was a tall man on the platform when we arrived at the station very ragged and very drunk; he took the end of a cigarette which I was smoking out of my hand and began to smoke it, giving me half a dollar for it. Presently he sent about forty dollars of silver of his own flying across the station. I asked about him, and was told he had done very valiantly yesterday against the "pronunciados," whom he had dared to enter his room,—but he had been drunk ever since.

The railway company has very fine workshops at Orizaba, which I went over. All the officials told me that with my letters we should certainly get through and that the bearer of United States despatches would not be

stopped by the "pronunciados," nor robbed, and I was all ready with the sentence "Yo soy el portador de despachos de los Estados Unidos." We dined at the station with Mr. Earle and a Mr. Pringle, an engineer, who was down here from Mexico for his health. Two or three times there was a scare—"The 'pronunciados' are coming." Then the President's relative would hide himself, and the wife and children also, but the cause of alarm would resolve itself into a drove of mules or a boy and a donkey.

Towards four o'clock it was reported that the line was clear and off we started. About nine we arrived at Vera Cruz without accident. About Cordova the luxuriance of vegetation was especially marked, but nearer the sea the soil becomes arid and sterile. Once we went through a body of armed men on either side the road; we afterwards learned that these were Government troops but we thought they might be "pronunciados," and expected a volley from them; you could not tell whether the shouts they greeted us with were those of friend or foe.

I hurried forward to the hotel to secure rooms, the Professor remaining to look after the luggage, and after supper and a stroll round the Alameda with Tatham turned in for a long sound sleep. The thermometer stood at 87°.

Next day the 18th, we took our passage by the steamship *City of Mexico* for New Orleans, bathed at the fine baths of Vera Cruz, breakfasted royally, and took our luggage aboard. Owing to orders received from the Mexican Government, the steamer was not to sail till next day at five. I delivered my despatches, called on Mr. B., to whom I had letters to convey

in case of robbery on the road, bought some cigars and tobacco (native to the place and very good) and some vanilla beans, took shares in a public lottery and went over the collection of curiosities of an old antiquarian, long resident at Vera Cruz. He certainly had a wonderful assortment of things illustrating the civilization of the Toltecs, Aztecs and other races. Their picture-writing, their printing machines, their sculptures, their astronomical instruments were all represented, his rooms were in fact loaded with curiosities. I was sorry the Professor was not there, but he had gone to sleep at the hotel, so I made an appointment for him to call next day which he did and was as delighted with the old fellow and his collection as I was. After that we went to the lottery drawing, which was conducted in the open street. Such a grotesque business,—all the little boys in the town had bought tickets and were in a great state of excitement round the box, whilst three grave signors sat and noted the numbers drawn. The chief prize was for \$500—there were many five-dollar prizes. The proceeds of the sale of tickets are devoted to municipal purposes. We got nothing.

They had had hard times in Vera Cruz since we were there. The "pronunciados" had cut off their water and their milk supply,—had captured a gun and shot three sentries. Now their water supply is re-established but they are expecting siege. Altogether we must congratulate ourselves on getting through the country as we did. We heard of several cases of people arriving at Vera Cruz and returning whence they came, rather than run the risk of the journey to Mexico. We slept on board that night at the desire of the Professor, who was ailing a little. The steamer was hot and uncomfortable.

Moreover I was bitten by bugs in the night, so that I changed my berth in the morning and went over and joined Tatham. We went ashore next day and bathed and breakfasted, and called on the American Consul and said good-bye to our friends. At five we sailed and soon our tub of a boat began to roll and pitch in the Gulf of Mexico; this was the 19th of May.

Next day we touched at Tuxpan and the day following at Tampico, both little ports in the Gulf. We took freight and a few passengers at both places, a good deal of fustic and dye-wood, and, what interested us most, some fine-looking prawns for the table. On Wednesday the 24th we expect to reach New Orleans and I hope to catch a train the same night for New York. This voyage has certainly been the least pleasant part of the trip. The boat is ill-furnished, dirty, and small. It rolls abominably in the slightest sea, partly perhaps because it is so very light of freight, the war having put a stop to business round the Mexican coast. The Professor and Tatham have both been out of sorts. There are no Englishmen on board beside ourselves. A few Americans, but the major portion Mexicans—dirty folk, with ill-looking faces, and lying about the deck all day, sick and supine. There is a German too whom I very much dislike. I told the Professor he was a great geologist and knew a great deal of the geology of Mexico—so I saw the Professor sidle up to him that same evening and enter into a long conversation. The Professor told me next morning that I had been playing a practical joke, as the fellow knew nothing of geology, though the German seemed flattered by the compliment and said he had certainly seen "many stones in his life." This wretched Teuton broke my chair also. It

was the day after the prawn feast, and he was saying at lunch that the prawns were rather heavy food. "Ah," I said, "that's why you broke my chair." He denied the breakage at first, but the evidence was too strong for him, and he had to admit the impeachment and fall back on "our good friend the captain," to get one of his men to mend it; but it was not mended, and whenever after he tried to force himself on our society I said to him "You broke my chair." Then he would go away—a mean, greedy German.

By the way, the morning after the prawn feast every one was ill. The captain, the chief steward, the mate, and two-thirds of the passengers and crew—frightfully sick and otherwise ill, and the captain, who could not rise, ordered all the rest of the prawns up and had them cast overboard. No one regretted them.

The officers of the ship are good fellows, but there is none of the discipline here which characterises the English service, and the stewards are of the lowest order of Irish and so with the crew. The negroes on the *Ebro* were far better sailors. The names they give places in the ship are worthy of American bombast. A little miserable place, top of the stairs leading to the saloon, with a few seats in it, and filled always with sick women, is called "the social hall," and the quarter-deck, on which one can never walk because of the sprawling foreigners, is called the "promenade deck." Our Mexican refugees are on board and so also is a plethoric missionary with his daughter, a young damsel from the States, who volunteers songs on deck and whose harsh voice penetrates every corner of the ship. Altogether, the American boat is not "a success."

Whilst on the Gulf let me say a few words

about the state of the land from which it takes its name. The whole country is now in a state of political disturbance—perhaps of anarchy. The general opinion as to the revolution seems to be that it was well-intentioned, but premature. The President, Mr. Lerdo, has managed to render himself exceedingly unpopular during his term of office and his re-election is honestly desired but by few. The elections take place at the end of June and the country has been in revolution now fully six months. General Diaz might, had he reserved his strength until Mr. Lerdo had been re-elected contrary to the popular will, or to strike a decisive blow immediately before the elections, have succeeded in getting himself declared President. But it is thought that he has done too little and talked too much. Now we have rumours of a general engagement depending between him and General Escobedo, commanding the Government troops, in the North near Matamoras.

Universal suffrage exists in Mexico, but only in name. On the last Sunday in June the general election will take place of representatives for the various electoral districts. On the first Sunday in July these representatives proceed to elect the President. The whole electioneering machinery is in the hands of the Government for the time being and the outcome is but the reflection of the existing President's will. If Mr. Lerdo insists on standing again for office he will no doubt ensure his own re-election. Should he do so, and determine on retaining office, Mexico must remain in an unsettled state for a long time to come. There is no doubt as to his general unpopularity even in the capital. When one endeavours to ascertain the grounds for this un-

popularity you hear that he is "Jesuitical,"—a vague term but one hateful to Mexican ears,—that he secludes himself, and does nothing for the public good. Some think he will not stand again ; others that he will seek his re-election only to resign immediately in favour of his own nominee. Many point to General Mejia, the present War Minister, as his successor. He is represented as a man who would put down these Revolutions,—which are the curse of the country, but at the same time the only means by which, as things are now, the people can make their voice heard,—with a firm hand.

It is to be hoped, but it is very doubtful, that the elections will give the country what it so much needs,—a strong Government. A Government that will put down brigandage and licence and establish some system of police throughout the land. The reputation for insecurity which attaches to the notion of holding property in Mexico has, however, but a superficial basis and is often much exaggerated. Those who have the will and the means to take care of themselves and their property, have little to fear. Travellers must go well-armed and those who have property must arm their dependents. At Trojes there had, during a period of thirty years, been no robbery either at the hacienda or of the bullion and specie in transit. Yet this period includes many political storms and that French occupation. The secret of immunity is simple fighting strength. The administration of that place forcibly recalled the feudal days of England. The better workmen were also well-trained soldiers strongly attached to the place with which and in which they had grown up. The lower class were little else than dependent serfs.

One thing Mexico has done, for which she has hardly gained full credit. The whole country is overspread with churches—vast buildings and highly decorated—on which the wealth of the inhabitants must have been prodigally lavished. These churches remain, at once the pride of the superstitious Indians and the monuments of Spanish rule, but the power of the priests—once all powerful—has been completely broken.

Another thing which strikes forcibly the traveller there, is the cheap and docile labour of the native Indians. Ground down and oppressed for centuries, like the fellahin in Egypt—with whom by the way philosophers have claimed their kinship—they still cultivate the soil with assiduity and prosecute vigorously their homely manufactures. With this solid substratum of national wealth, with her unrivalled natural resources, with the fear of annexation to the United States upon the rulers and with so civilized a centre as the capital, full of wealthy foreigners to form and guide public opinion—one cannot but conclude that things will rapidly improve in Mexico, and that the Mexicans,—that unfortunate compound without either the dignity or the nature of a race,—will either be coerced into good government or altogether superseded. After all, the troubles there are very much those of English life a century or two ago.

A queer being, man, with his likes and dislikes, his paltry meannesses, his lofty aspirations and terrible care for his own body. Take for instance these commercial men around. We have been with them five days and if they express outwardly what they think inwardly they must be, all their waking hours, full of ideas of gambling and cozenage and greed, and, at

best, but of ignoble virtues. They look small throughout. Their teeth are half metal; their chests are of no compass; their stomachs have no coats. All their organs are feeble and all the operations of nature which should be pleasures,—exercising, digesting, secreting,—are a pain and a struggle and a horror to them. Is not man in this aspect contemptible and hardly worth the oxygen he consumes? But looked at in another light—in a relative light, how your notions of man enlarge. Compare him with other animated creatures. What strivings of nature, what periods of time, what historical elaboration is not this same paltry creature the result of? To his dog he is god. That deft brain of his gives him lordship over all. And if a race of sufficient native cultivation had never seen a man civilized, as we know the term, he might be an *ignoramus* in Europe, he might be one of these commercial men, but they would fall down and worship him, make him king and high priest, as they say the old natives in Peru did with the first white man they saw. His knowledge would be to them as infinite. So, everything is what it is to us in accordance with the relations in which we view it, and perhaps it is the faculty of seeing beauty in mean and ignoble objects in a relative way that makes many people less miserable than they would otherwise be. Some men are bored to death under circumstances which would give to others a paradise of happiness. With some men the primrose is always the primrose and nothing more. With others there are always things to be seen behind the present and in front of it. The one will see nothing in an old sponge but a thing to clean a carriage or a man with, the other will think of its life before the ruthless trader pulled

it from its home amidst blue water on dark rocks and will reflect on all its wonderful adaptation to answer its own ends and what an ancient thing it is and how it lies along the chalk cliffs of England now in hard black bands. And so on *ad infinitum*.

And then man is such a queer fellow, and so unlike other creatures, in other aspects. You can't get at him at all as you do with a sponge, a plant or a fish. They have their attributes definitely marked out. You know what this spore or that gill means. Sponge and fish and bird and flea are always after something definite. You see a trout in the brook and you know what he will do. He will get under a root or rush after a fly or do something in the regular course of trout. You feel sure he won't come jumping up the grass or fly into the air or burrow in the ground or sing a comic song. But with man you never know what he will be at next. You catch him soaring in the air, you catch him grubbing in the earth, you find him floating on the water. His tricks and contrivances for making himself comfortable are innumerable and when he sees anything of new he is saying "What now can I do with this" and he twists it and turns it and cuts it and burns it until he finds something useful to him in it. In all this he is wonderful and so complex. Here he is in the highest feather and why? The sun is shining, he has the day before him, he steps exultant, all things around him are glad and he is glad too. Here he is depressed and sad and can see nothing beautiful in anything. It is the afternoon; he is tired. Here he is with hammer and chisel, or pen or paint brush, radiant; he has an idea. Here he is enraptured, kneeling at a shrine. "By some lucky chance of happier tempered coffee" he has gained "a pious rapture."

If in one sense "we men are a little breed" as between ourselves and knowing one another, in another sense and to those outside our knowledge and often too perhaps inwardly we are monstrously fine fellows. Do you think it is not so with other creatures? That splendid looking bird; he is in all respects admirable from your point of view. Perhaps his congeners, the other birds, know him to be individually mean and grasping and greedy and despise him as a bird as transgressing their ideal of what the best of birds should be.

This is rare chattering but the Professor and Tatham are engaged at chess, a lady has taken possession of my chair and book and I am driven down here to moralise among the bagmen.

May 24th.—When I awoke this morning I saw trees fringing the water's edge a few yards off my cabin window and I knew we were steaming up the Mississippi River. And so we passed the day, now on one side, now on the other, avoiding as much as possible the rush of the flood of waters. It was a pleasant change after the monotone of sea. The banks were flat but clothed with every variety of green. Forest and savannah for miles and then open tracts of cultivated land with well-built houses on the estates and rows of cottages brimming with negroes, *et uxor et vir sordidosque natos*; and again wild forest. Leagues of sugar cane, leagues of rice and so for over one hundred miles. Around the houses would be groves of orange trees laden with fruit, magnolias rich with flower and large as England's largest limes; olives, plaintains, sycamores. Other trees too which we could not name. Sometimes we steamed but a few yards from the bank. There was no life on the river. We passed two or three sta

but no sailing craft. Alligators crawled lazily about the snags and turkey buzzards hovered over an occasional dead dog floating down the turbid stream. We noticed some Chinamen working with the negroes in the fields. But it was hot—90 in the shade and the sun was very strong and at one point we stopped and the doctors came on board and sprinkled us and our belongings with carbolic acid. It was 3 o'clock when we saw the smoke and distant spires of the "Crescent" City and we steamed in amidst a heated political controversy raging amongst the Yankees assembled on deck. Who was to be President? that was the knotty question. This man was in a waterworks job—that had been mixed up in a railroad swindle and a third had fraudulently made away with some one else's money. If these were the nominees of the nation their honour was not at all events in their own country. No one could be named against whom something rascally could not be alleged. Such a swarm of touters to carry luggage as yelled at us as we neared the wharf I never saw or heard the like of before. All tongues, Irish predominant. They tried to storm the vessel as soon as the gangway was laid down, but that was stopped and two policemen mounted guard at top. I was amused with one stalwart fellow who had climbed on to a pile close to the gangway and refused to leave it despite the threats of the policeman. Their heads almost touched as they swayed to and fro in argument, but the man of the million kept his vantage ground. "Take me to jail" he cried, "I won't get down—I pay taxes and we'll have a change of administration soon!" The mob yelled again at this and the policeman quailed before the allusion to the insecure nature of his office.

Now ensued a time of hot weary waiting on the wharf roped in with our baggage in full sun till my lords the customs' searchers chose to come. When they did come they made a very strict search and did not fail to pocket some of any cigars they found open in the trunks—"Carpet baggers from the North" said our purser, "they are on the make." They were not fine specimens of the Anglo Saxon type—foreheads villainous low. When this was gone through we drove to the St. Charles Hotel—a fine building and there presently arrived also the Emperor of Brazil and all his suite. It was too late for mail, too late for getting letters, too late for anything but to send off a couple of cable despatches, get supper, stroll round the streets, write this and creep behind the mosquito-bars.

May 25th.—First to the Bank to get letters—it was nearly two months since we had heard from England—and there I found a Mr. K.—President of the Bank—a very polite man. He offered me many civilities but I was obliged to leave that afternoon. I should like to stay a little while in New Orleans when it is not *too* hot. There is much of interest to be seen round the town—cotton and sugar cane culture, tobacco also and swamp life. The city itself is picturesque; for, over all, there is a dash of French polish, wearing down, even to the architecture, the hard rectangular lines of most American cities. Everything in New Orleans and indeed throughout the South is "before the war" or "after the war." That is their epoch. Up to it all their prosperity ran; from it their time of adversity dates. I found a very excellent photographer in New Orleans and bought of him some remarkably fine views of the City and surroundings. The Professor and I dined together—our

last meal—about 3 and afterwards he saw me off by the train which left at 4. He was intending to start next day for Colorado. Now I was ensconced in a car which was to carry me over 1,200 miles without change so I set to work to make friends with the conductor and porter—important mortals in American railroad travel. This was readily accomplished by giving them a Mexican dollar each. They were dazzled with the unaccustomed sight of silver and delighted with the mysterious emblems stamped thereon. Of course I did not give as for a “tip.” It was a present from one man to another. I stimulated their cupidity first by displaying the coins and won their affections afterwards by the gift. So things were made easy for me. I could smoke in the conductor’s sanctum and lie late in the morning if I liked and sit on the platform. All that evening we coasted along the shore of Mississippi State to Mobile, a flat land with much water. The swamps we crossed had a beauty of their own a weird, wearisome beauty. Trees,—hung all over with that hoary moss, so characteristic of Southern vegetation,—stood up from amongst the reeds and rank grasses which stretched for miles on either side growing from what was neither land nor water but absolute swamp. There was a man from Western Texas on the train journeying to Philadelphia. He had cases of “insects,” as he called them, with him. He showed me these. There were tarantulas and scorpions, chameleons, vast centipedes, horned frogs and snakes—all alive. When he had satisfied one’s curiosity and inquiries his “Have you seen a quarter’s worth?” was as irresistible as unexpected. You thought you were conversing with a gentleman deeply interested in the pursuit of science

and that question suddenly displayed the showman—the American edition of the “Walk up Gentlemen” man. He was going to take a stall near the Exhibition and exhibit his collection there and he “paid his way along” he said, by passing through the cars and showing his cases. When we got to Mobile all the beauty of the town was promenading the station. I think it is a pleasant practice in the South, young damsels coming down meet the traveller on the train. It is flattering to one’s pride to seem to be the object of such attention, even though the flattery be, as usual, false. “To be seen of men” seems a necessity to female existence and the passing train affords often to Southern girls their only chance of enjoying this pleasure. After this excitement, reaction set in and I sought repose. A vain search. My berth was full of mosquitoes. So was the whole car. This was a woeful night, the misery of which was only broken by the sense of satisfaction which comes in the occasional death of one of the torturers and in the knowledge of the fact,—demonstrated by groans, flops with the hand, and sibillant sounds—that others in the car are also sufferers. The daughter of the missionary (who talked so much in the boat as we crossed the Gulf of Mexico) was in the berth next to me and I think she must have heard me chuckle, as I noted her groans and feminine curses, during the night, for she looked black as thunder at me next morning. Now I think I have found a use for those “spats” with which young men in London have recently thought well to adorn their feet and which young America has copied, rather clumsily for they don’t fit well over the invariable half wellington boot. But to one who wears shoes they are of great

advantage in protecting that exposed surface between shoe and trowsers which the mosquito spots, literally, and so readily. Towards morning it got cooler and I was able to get under cover and snatch a smothered sort of sleep.

May 26th.—Breakfast at Atlanta with fly flappers cooling the air and disturbing the insects all around us. Here the good missionary left us and his daughter. A Southern planter with a very pleasant wife and pretty children took their section. He, the subject of that great American complaint against which the very rocks, trees and walls of cities cry out,—dyspepsia, was going to the mountains to recruit. Others on the cars were on the same mission. My friend's name was "Pipes." I do not remember to have seen the name before but it is not a bad one for a tobacco planter. The country we traversed now was not specially interesting but everything was beautifully green; the cotton was well up, so with cane and tobacco; the wheat was being harvested. Towards evening we got amongst mountains but of no great elevation and in one place there I saw blast furnaces. Twenty minutes was the time allowed for the three daily meals, twenty minutes each of course. Always the same food. Hot bread, ham, eggs, beefsteak—ever tough and juiceless,—and atrophied fowl. Milk and water to drink. At one place we got some Catawba which was excellent. At night the air was full of fire flies darting here and there with great rapidity. "Lightning bugs" the people call them. A butterfly is a "bug" in the States even.

May 27th.—All day traversing Virginia, from one end to the other, twice we crossed the Alleghanies and

once attained an elevation of 2,000 feet. Here the country was less forward. Very English like in many parts and very picturesque. It had been raining heavily and we were rid of dust. The woods were full of rhododendrons and other spring flowers. I remarked much oak too. From what I could gather, from conversation on the cars, farming can be worked to considerable profit in Virginia now and farms can certainly be very cheaply acquired. There is little capital in the country. One has however to be a little cautious about talking to people on cars. As likely as not the intelligent Yankee is on his way to Europe. You talk a bit. He finds you English. In an hour you are quite familiar. He comes to say "Goodbye" he has reached his destination. You exchange cards and say you hope to meet again some day, thinking you never will or that no one would attach much weight to a conventional phrase closing so transient an acquaintance. Wait a bit. Sure as fate some day in London when every moment of your time is specially occupied and you can hardly find occasion to enjoy the society of your oldest friends—the stranger falls upon you with a "Guess you don't remember me." He has discovered your address from the Directory (Mr. Kelly's labours are not an unmixed good) and he has come down expressly to renew an acquaintance made in such a very pleasant manner. You wish him at the devil, but for the honour of your country you sit and talk in common places with him—perhaps ask him to dine at a club. I have suffered and am pretty wary now but it is quite idle to travel without a card case. Every Yankee has pencil and note book to hand. These reflections come upon me the more strongly just now

because this day there came to the car an intensely vulgar Irish doctor, settled in the South, who was on his way to Europe. He got talking to me at dinner and I was as monosyllabic as I knew how. But it was useless—he could talk for a dozen. “We will exchange cards before we part we may meet in London,” he said. “Oh yes,” I said, “we will exchange cards.” I thought the matter over and determined to give him my address as in the most Northern of the Hebrides but Providence was kind to me and saved me from so sinning. At Lynchburg we had to take a line which was of smaller gauge than that we had been traversing and I was wondering how our car could go on. In five minutes or less the thing was done. Our great Pullman was thrust some feet into the air; the frame on which the wheels are fixed was moved from under; those of narrow gauge were substituted; we descended on these and the business was consummated. Of course this took place on a duplicate track involving both the gauge we left and that we assumed. All this was done by torch light. I met a very intelligent young lawyer from New York on this trip. He had been down to Virginia to conduct a case. We sat talking and smoking rather late and the car was still and most folk asleep when we turned in. Not the Irish doctor though. “We shall see each other in the morning,” said he. “Oh yes, we shall meet in the morning,” I replied. He was leaving at Washington to attend a Medical Conference with the object of arranging that a medico in one place shall be a medico in another. All over the world, one diploma sufficient. “Heaven forbid,” thought I, “that success should attend your efforts.”

May 28th.—Some one woke me from sound slumber

to say that we were leaving Washington. I peeped out and saw that mine was the only bed remaining; all the other sections had their day trappings on. I saw too that the Irish doctor had gone—and that without my name and address. I was just in time to see that the dome of the Capitol is a very fine one—white, and beautifully shaped—almost ruined though by a figure, I suppose of Washington,—every figure on a public building in the States may be presumed to be of Washington. This gives the capital the appearance at a distance of a bell of which the figure is the handle. A fine work is thus sadly marred. Another hour and we breakfasted at a charming little hotel belonging to the B. and Ohio Railroad, by a Viaduct over a river. The gardens around were trimly kept and the breakfast was good. Coming out in cutting off the end of a cigar I dropped my knife through the crevice of a plank. It was impossible to get it out without taking up the boards. But I left my address and the worthy waiter—a man of colour—one Willis, sent it after me to New York. It must have possessed considerable attraction for 'Willis' for it had corkscrew and button hook and all sorts of little things useful to waiters. But he was honest and did not take my reward and the knife too. At 8.30 we reached Baltimore where we had to stay the day on account of Sunday. The train left at night, no trains Sunday. So we—the lawyer and I—went off to the Carrollton Hotel, a fine place. We sought the barber to shave and shampoo us. His place was closed. No one was allowed to shave on Sunday, under penalty but still a fellow came to our rooms and shaved and shampooed us. No bath though, that rule was inflexible on Sunday—in spite of the cleanliness which is next to

godliness and which would have been peculiarly grateful to a man who had been three days and nights on the Railway. No drink either, except in the bedrooms where we regaled on bottled beer with a fearful joy. The barber interrogated me "Do you commence Monday night?" "What do you mean." "The performance, Sir. They say down stairs you are the English actor we are expecting." To this mistake I attribute the consideration paid us and the fine first floor rooms given us. When I denied the impeachment the barber pointed to my great Mexican hat and shaggy chappareras which were lying on the floor, and said "that's too thin." These he evidently considered my stage properties. However, actor or no actor, I was soon off with my friend to explore the city. We first went to Druid Hill Park about 5 miles from the town—a beautiful park very well kept—of large extent and just then in all the freshness and glory of Spring verdure. We spent all the morning rambling about it and returned to dinner about 2. We had a most excellent dinner and afterwards took a walk in the opposite direction to Chesapeake Bay and saw the whole place well. I was surprised at the size of Baltimore but we could not judge much of the people there for it was Sunday and the streets deserted. Only here and there a rabid hot Gospeller was dealing death and damnation freely round to the bystanders and waxing so hot—for the weather was very warm—that he formed a living illustration of the discomfort attending an abode in a place with the habits and customs of which he seemed extraordinarily familiar and communicative of his knowledge also. By 10 I was in the cars again and comfortably asleep before the train started.

May 29th.—The next thing of which I was conscious was the call of the conductor that we were approaching Jersey city. So here was the end of my railway journey from New Orleans. I had come about 1,400 miles, during which I had traversed eleven States of the Union—Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York—read, written and talked a good deal—and been bitten by over one hundred mosquitoes. We were soon over the ferry and a carriage took me and my belongings to the Brevoort House. The Manager there recognised me and gave me a good room and after breakfast and a bath I sallied “down town” to get my letters and see my friends. I paid for my passage also and found that it was well I wrote from Havana to secure it, for the ship was crowded and the Company were refusing passages. They gave me an excellent cabin and Mr. Cortis, the Agent, was very obliging. I was going to Philadelphia that night, but Colonel W. turned up and urged me to go to Newport so kindly that I consented. I committed an extravagance in sticks first, bought a hammock, called on various friends and at five we were on the steamboat, for Newport and Boston. These Fall River boats are world famous. Certainly, except on the Mississippi, I never saw their like. Magnificent saloons and a restaurant and tiers of state rooms rising up one above the other. So W. and I sat on the upper deck of all and the views as we coasted along were beautiful in the evening light. We passed the enormous piers, erected for the suspension bridge between Brooklyn and New York which will, it seems to me, dwarf everything in either city, when finished; through Hell

Gate where the rocks are undermined ready for the great blow up on the 4th July, and so on between Long Island and the mainland, till we were fairly out to sea. Then we went below and dined, in company with an artist, a native of Boston, a very pleasant man and well travelled, on soft shelled crabs and porter-house steaks. Afterwards the moon was up and we sat and smoked till bed-time, when we turned in for a short time. At three in the morning we landed and drove to W.'s house about a mile off.

May 30th.—That bed of W.'s was a splendid bed. For five nights I had had no real bed and this one seemed to me more comfortable than any I had occupied before. At eight I got up, and we had breakfast, and then went out to see the town. Newport was *en fête*, for it was election day and I saw it at its best. The harbour was full of shipping and gay with flags. There was a fair in the streets—a quiet orderly fair in which the greatest excitement seemed to be throwing down crackers and giving young ladies bouquets. We went into the State room and saw the Committee counting over the election papers. There was a fine picture of Washington by Stuart in the room. In rooms of an official nature in the States there is generally some portrait or figure of Washington. We made two or three calls and went over the Club, and after lunch we took a stroll round the cliffs. It was a lovely day. Perfect sunshine and a cool breeze off the sea. Everything so fresh and green too with the early Spring. Two months ago they still had snow and ice about. Three days before in the South I had seen wheat harvested. The cliffs are not more than forty feet high, but they are very ragged and picturesque; some slate, but towards the point granite,

not so grand, though, by a long way as those granite cliffs at Land's End, or those grander ones by Buchan. This is the highest coast all the way down to South America. The whole eastern coast of North America, and Mexico to boot, cannot boast a cliff the height of those at Dover. I enjoyed Newport. There are no offensive advertisements there on rocks and trees. Everything is clean and orderly. The houses are mostly built of wood, with large gardens round, and green lawns, which they tell me do not burn up even in summer. Round the cliff runs a well-kept path, passing through the gardens, and on which the public have a right to walk. I went over one house belonging to a gentleman whom I afterwards saw at Philadelphia. It was very finely built and planned and furnished. I think I never saw a house more carefully elaborated in detail. The servants' quarters even were palatial. In Newport will shortly arrive many of the proprietors of talent and wealth in the Eastern States, to spend, in their seats here, the sultry months of June, July, August, and September. At a certain spot a dog-cart met us and we drove round the southern part of the town, and got home just in time for dinner. We had a pleasant dinner. There was a mistake about the conveyance that was to take me to the boat at nine, and I had to seize my bag and make a run of it to catch the steamer. W. helped, and I was jerked on to the boat just in time. If I had known of the exertions before me I should not have eaten so heartily of strawberries and cream.

May 31st.—Woke up in New York. It is about ten hours' journey between Newport and that city. I made at once for the Brevoort, changed a few things,—breakfasted—and caught the ferry and the 9.30 express to

Philadelphia. No hurry or bustle. Everything was admirably arranged by the railway company. We were at Philadelphia by twelve. Travelled down with a Frenchman. He was an exhibitor of brandy from Cognac. A good fellow with enlightened views. Of course he was engaged to be married, (what Frenchman is not?) to a Canadian girl, and of course he told me this fact five minutes after we began to talk and of course all the people told him he was taking away the prettiest girl in Canada! At Philadelphia S. P. met me so we expressed my bag to his house and started for the Exposition. There we stayed till 5 P.M. It is a tremendous affair, and, I think, a great success. There are 500 miles of walking paths, and I don't know how how many acres of building. The park has been greatly improved since J. C. P. and I wandered over it in 1872. It is a magnificent park for any city, 3000 acres, bounded on one side by the Schuylkill River, and so high in parts that you can get a good view over the Quaker City. That's the worst of the London parks. There is no elevation in them from which you can see the City and get above the smoke. You can from Primrose Hill and Hampstead, from both of which places there are at times views which are, of their sort, unrivalled. It is worth any one's while to walk to Hampstead to see a sunrise in autumn. I had perfect weather the two days I was at Philadelphia. Some said it was hot, but these were of the regulation grumblers; it seemed to me just perfect. The Exhibition buildings are the right thing for their purpose and well decorated. The Art Gallery is more ambitious—that is to be permanent. All the machinery is in one hall of vast size, a separate building. So with agriculture, that is sepa-

rately represented. Scattered over the grounds there are independent exhibitions of one sort and another. There is a hunter's lodge down in the glen. There are Japanese houses, English houses, and infinite buildings descriptive of the various styles of architecture in the different States. Many with gardens in front, well laid out. Then there is a Horticultural House, and a collection of *American* plants from England! They are sent by Waterer, and attract great attention. They are not so fine nearly as in his exhibitions in England. "Amongst the blind the one-eyed man is king," however. All about and in and out the grounds and buildings runs a narrow gauge (three-feet) railway, which makes a complete circuit and runs constantly. Fare five cents—just bench seats—and I should think some one will be killed by-and-bye by it. Of course there are many restaurants. I had so excellent and reasonable a meal at the "La Fayette" that I sought no other, but had three good meals at that—two lunches and a dinner. The grounds and buildings are not crowded. I saw hardly any foreigners, and I think the Americans are making a mistake in postponing their visits till later. Now, in the Spring, the splendid entourage of the buildings is seen to perfection, and although everything is not in its place, there is sufficient. By-and-bye it will be very hot and the gardens will suffer and the foliage dry up. A thing that promises to be a prominent nuisance, later more than now, is the chair system. Idle people can hire a chair and a man to wheel it. I actually saw young America in chairs. They should be kept for weak women and invalids. They occupy great space, traverse one's toes, and are generally planted opposite the most interesting cases. We walked

through the Art Gallery. England is well represented, and a lot of recent Academy pictures (Landseer's Leighton's, Graham's, Cole's, &c.) are there. France is miserably represented. The United States makes a good show. But except for England (where, as in the main building, everything is well and plainly ticketed), there is no written clue to subject or artist. The catalogue is chaos. The commissioners unfortunately farmed out this most essential part of the business. Consequently nothing is well done in it. For seek the name of a picture and you can find nothing but a laudatory notice of Tarrant's "Aperient," or somebody's "Sozodont." The Art buildings, however, cannot be expected to prove very interesting to the European. The Government State building is more attractive to him. It is a sort of museum of everything in the United States, and most interesting and well-arranged. Natural products—antiquarian matters—minerals—manufactures—photographs. In the main building the chief attention centres, however. Most countries in the world are represented. Queen Emma even, and the Orange Free State, and the Bahamas and Bermudas. The United States and Great Britain monopolise most room. The exhibits of the United States are very shoppy, but the intrinsic beauty of the furniture and china of England redeems their show from this drawback. It was curious to note how exactly the exhibits of a country corresponded with its prosperity. The Spanish court was a mere shell, full of workmen, idling. Poor Turkey had hung up a few frowsy carpets to conceal her internal nakedness, and her only representative a man in a fez, with a big name. The Khedive was to the front though, and Norway and Sweden

made a pretty show, but, of all, the Japanese and Chinese courts drew the greatest crowds. The screens, vases, and bronzes were superb, and their owners had rightly measured the pockets of the Yankees. They put on tremendous prices and got them. Nearly everything Chinese or Japanese was sold, and a card betokened the name and address of the purchaser to be of the United States. In the Mexican court a great cake of silver, weighing two tons and valued at \$73,000, from Trojes was much surrounded. I felt a sort of personal interest in this, having so lately seen the furnace, the shape of which it bore. I heard people saying what a fine thing it was for the owner to allow himself to lay out of the interest on the money so long. They did not realize that the magnanimous Don Pio had got his silver out of Mexico free of duty because of the Exhibition! So we went all over the place, and saw everything in a superficial manner, and at five we drove home. It was an animated spectacle—the road home. All round the Exhibition minor shows and restaurants and huge hotels have sprung up and make a great display. I found all S.'s family very well, and they were very kind to me, and inquired after the errant "James." S. and I dressed and went out to dine at the Reform Club—a nice building—and an old friend of mine dined with us. This is a regular Reform Club. They had ladies dining there! We'd a very pleasant dinner, and after that went to the "French play," which was rather stupid, so we came back and played billiards till after midnight.

June 1st.—After a pleasant breakfast with the P.'s I went to call on Mr. R. Found him at home and he showed me over his beautiful house—his picture

gallery and his stables. He drives an English drag, four-in-hand and is active with fox hounds. After that I took the cars and went to the Exposition where I met C. H. by appointment. Examined the main building more minutely and "spread ourselves" generally round till dinner-time, when we enjoyed that meal at the Restaurant "La Fayette," and thereafter I took a train at the Centennial Station which landed me in New York about 11 P.M. The train was full of Knight Templars. There had been a great gathering and procession of them in Philadelphia. They are a temperance body and their chiefs dress like our staff officers, generals, and such like. Cocked hats and flowing feathers. They seemed mostly chiefs. Their talk was not very amusing—perhaps they would have been wittier with something stronger than water in their skins.

June 2nd.—A day devoted to business "down town." I climbed to the top of an enormous building at mid-day by way of recreation and got a fine view of the city and surroundings, but the rest of the day I was seeing lawyers and business men. In the evening I dined at the "Buckingham" with a large party. Our host had the gout and ate and drank everything he ought not to. At 11 I walked down town with one of the guests. Visited the Hippodrome (Gilmore's), a magnificent place of the sort. Gardens under cover—waterfalls—thousands of people and plenty of room for more. In the centre a band, which the great Offenbach was himself conducting. It is an immense place and well kept and we walked about for half an hour and then went over to the Fifth Avenue hotel, where we met a very pleasant man who suffers from a disease of the throat, which makes it necessary for him to see the cook

wherever he dines and have all his food cut small before it is cooked. Then to the hotel and to bed.

June 3rd.—Early up, packing, writing letters, and a journey down town and some purchases at a book-seller's—took up all the morning. Then at one I drove to the steamer, owner of ten packages. It was crowded with folks saying goodbye. I found my cabin a very comfortable one and the *Celtic* looked a first class ocean boat. One companion shares the cabin with me. By half-past two we steamed off, there was a great shouting and waving of handkerchiefs on the wharf, and soon we were free of the heat of New York (which was very great that day) and inhaling a pleasant cool air coming from the Atlantic.

June 4th to June 12th.—We have had an extraordinary passage across the North Atlantic. The ocean like a pond all the way. Hardly a person sick and a prodigious eating of victuals. But then, fog, perpetual fog, has enveloped us. The captain says,—and he has been sailing since 1856 to and fro,—that he never remembers so continuous a fog or so complete a calm. Our average run daily has been 329 miles. The company on board has been more remarkable for quantity than for quality. Crew, steerage passengers and all we number nearly 1,000 souls. There are a great number of steerage passengers going back home,—not as the proverbial emigrant should do with his pockets full of money—but with empty pockets, and a strong feeling that they can do better for themselves in the old country than in the new. Irish predominate amongst these. One good woman with two children had the satisfaction of seeing her husband, who had just gone on shore to have “one more drink,” left behind. He struggled out after the

ship a little way in a rowboat, but the captain declining to stop, he desisted from further effort and put back. We have subscribed to keep the poor soul until her good-man who has the tickets and money with him arrives by the next steamer.

A gentleman in the last stage of consumption—a Californian I am told—started with us for England in the hope there to get cured. His wife accompanied him and they had the captain's cabin. He died three days out from New York. It seems very strange that any one so ill should have made so long a trip to get to a country which consumptive people generally avoid, and leaving one which they often seek. But hopefulness to the last is one of the characteristics of this insidious ill and only the day before he died the poor fellow was planning what parts of England he should visit. It is very sad for his widow who has left her children behind and has now to stay in England, where she knows no one, till the next steamer leaves for New York.

The major and by far the most prominent section of the saloon passengers consists of dry goods people who pass between Paris and New York. Transatlantic bagmen. As they take complete possession of everything in the ship—smoking-room, saloon, deck and stewards,—it is to be wished that they were a little more interesting as a class and less of chapmen individually. I am afraid this "White Star" line, undeniably possessing the best boats which cross the Atlantic, is getting controlled by this class of passenger, whose money is as good as, and perhaps looser in their grasp than, that of a better class, and that this better class keep to the Cunard and Inman lines. There is a capital general library on board—the cooking is good—and we had a

very fair rubber in the evenings. Somehow the atmosphere about the ship was not so sweet as that on board the *West Indiaman*. The decks are not so clean nor the discipline so good. There's a shoddy element about—indefinable but omnipresent.

A man from Yokohama—an English merchant there—two or three Philadelphians and a young Scotchman who has been quartered at Halifax, and is going home to Edinboro' on leave, have been my chief associates. My stable companion spends most of his time in bed, and the rest eating. There are three parsons aboard, two Anglicans and a Wesleyan, and they have made the most of the two Sundays between them. A blind man and three children sing hymns (those of Moody and Sankey) all the day and half the night on the lower deck. The steerage pick up the words and lustily shout after them. This, with the parsons and the women practising chants for Sunday in the saloon, and the sailors accompanying every muscular exertion, however slight, with ribald songs and catches, makes the ship unpleasant for anyone who is weak enough to look for quiet in this noisy world.

When we reached Queenstown the fog cleared off completely, and all day the 12th June we steamed along in calm sea with lovely views of Irish coast to the north of us. A correspondent of a London daily paper came on at Queenstown with the object of ascertaining for his journal why so many Irish were returning from America. The little tender which brought him and his friends on to the *Celtic*, took back the Irish steerage passengers and we were but a little over half an hour in the harbour. Two or three days after, I saw a very long letter in a London daily paper on the subject of

the condition of those steerage passengers and giving their reasons for quitting America. This correspondent must have been a man of very quick perception any way—one of those men with eagle eyes beloved of modern novelists—to have learnt much from these passengers of their private affairs during the half-hour they were busily engaged in transshipping themselves and their baggage and his conclusions differed essentially from the conclusions of those who were with these people for nine days on the sea. I suppose he had to write something, having taken the journey, but this sort of experience shakes one's confidence in the veracity of "special correspondence" generally.

We all sat up late the last night. The sunset over the Wexford hills was very beautiful and the twilight long and bright, and further on all the smokers assembled in the smoking room and songs were sung and a watch raffled and a deal of drink consumed. We were to be at Liverpool soon after daylight next morning, and by daylight I got up to scan the coast of Anglesea and to watch the sun's first rays strike the range of Welsh mountains behind. By six o'clock we anchored off the bar at Liverpool. The state of the tide was such that we could not cross the bar for some hours and we were told a tender would be sent down to take us off in a short time. And now what happened? After steaming all that great pace across the Atlantic, hardly wasting a moment on the journey and sparing no expense—we, wretched passengers, were kept contemplating the towns of New Brighton on the one hand and Waterloo on the other from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M. There were loud complaints and I think with full reason. For five and twenty pounds—which we would have gladly sub-

scribed ourselves—a tender could have been hired to take us over the bar and land us to catch the 9.15 train from Liverpool. Instead of that we hardly caught the 4 train and then had to leave without our luggage. Some wanted to catch the continental train from Charing Cross ; some had, from Queenstown, telegraphed friends to dine with them, meet them or expect them on the certainty of getting off early and yet this miserable piece of parsimony on the part of the Steam Ship Company served at once to disappoint and disgust them all. When at last we crawled over the bar and the tender which we had been all the morning led to expect came leisurely alongside with a well dressed manager of the line waving yellow gloved hands of welcome to us from the paddle box there were not a few of us who would have liked to have ducked him for a few minutes in the river of which he had given us such a dose. The only excuse he gave us was that "there had been a fog in Liverpool the night before." For all practical purposes he had better have said nothing or have referred to a fog in London the winter previous. Now we had great trouble with our luggage and a bungling went on which contrasted sharply with the simplicity and ease with which such matters are managed on the other side. First everything was tumbled up on to the deck ; then tumbled over by the Customs officers, and everybody else, then heaped on board the tender and when we got at last to quayside there were no men to unload the tender—the right men were'nt there and those that were, not being Company's men, were not allowed to come on board. Anxious to catch the 4 train to London, I seized nine of my ten packages myself got them into a cab and drove off. They told me my

big trunk would come up in a cart with the other luggage but it did not. But we soon forget all these annoyances for we are again in England and rushing across the country, now in full tide of early summer glory, towards our homes—and we all agree, whatever we may have done or seen or wherever we have been, that we are glad to be here once more amongst the strongest men and the finest women and the greenest fields and the best sports which are to be found in all the world.

LONDON, June 13th, 1876.

THE SOUTHDOWNS.

By holt and shaw we clomb to where a mound,
Marks where the Beacon blazed old England's fears ;
Then, seated on a sward of white and blue,—
Bright-eye and hare-bell, gentian, daisies, thyme,
Gazed homeward ; all the distance rolled in grey.

The swelling downland sloping to the sea
On this side ; and, on that, the peaceful weald ;
Homestead and farm and pasture ; tower and spire,
The blue smoke curling up amongst the trees,
The still air bearing up the gentle sounds
Of streams, of folded sheep, of parish bells
And drowsy cawings of the nesting rooks.

Along the ridge we strolled and through the yews,
By dotted juniper and golden gorse,
Then down the slope and past the stately limes
And over rustling ferns, resting at last,
Here, on the mossy rootings of a tree,
Old, when the neighbouring ruin rang with life.

HEVER CASTLE.

BUT yesterday at Lord's, amongst the crowd
 Picnicing round the lawn, whereon the Schools
 Fought with their chosen ones the annual strife
 Of light blue with the dark. *There*, was noise and heat,
 The shout of triumph in generous rivalry,
 Old men, fair maids, young boys and modern life.

To-day, lying at length beneath the orchard trees
 That fringe the moat at Hever. *Here* was peace.
 The sun lay lovingly on red lines of roof,
 Quaint battlements, grey stone, and casements deep
 Set in the oriels, themselves in ivy set.
 Old-fashioned garden flowers made bright and sweet
 The box-edg'd walk between the wall and moat,
 Stocks and sweet-williams, roses, lily flowers
 —White on the land and yellow on the pool—
 The deep, dark pool with drawbridge swung across,
 And ever skimmed by martins, with their breasts
 White on the water as lilies on the land.
 Perfect the quiet reigned. The hum of bees
 Amongst the clover, the gentle pipe of birds,
 The sudden diving of the water-vole
 Or plash of pike, just broke, or hardly broke
 The dreamy stillness of the summer air.

So there the live-long day we rested ; musing much
 On byegone days, when England walled her homes,
 And strength was that which is but beauty now;
 On days, when this same pool was oft-times crossed
 By men-at-arms, and then the high hall rang
 With clash of casque and morion ; on days,
 When from these windows glanced the perfect face
 Of sweet Anne Boleyn, while from the Northern downs,
 Hot Harry rode in haste to woo his love :
 And, after days, when sorrowful Anne of Cleves
 Tended these gardens with a broken heart.

The shadows lengthen now ; the sunlight dies
 From moat and wall. Reluctantly we move
 Away through fields of hay and depth of flowers,
 By Chiddingstone to Penshurst—Sidney's home.

JULY 15th, 1876.

DARTMOOR.

UNDER blue skies and fair, in summer days,
 Most tempt thy rugged sides and pathless tracts;
 Better I love in winter's days to climb
 Into thy mists, and on, by bog and tor,
 Unto that highest. Anon, the clouds fly off,
 And bright below gleams out the open land.

There Exmoor lies, and there, that famous height
 Tintagel. Far west, the moor of Bodmin
 Rises—thy sister bosom—bare to heaven;
 Wild home of many waters. South, with gleams
 Of Tamar and of Tavy, stretches far
 The sea, a span of arches and three towns.
 The fairest land to eastward; there, the soil
 Is red; the sheep, the cattle, all are red;
 And water meadows rich, and orchards wide
 Range round old homes and all things breathe content.

Silent thy wastes. From the Atlantic sea,
 The shrill-toned blasts furrow thy fortresses,
 Yes Tor and Mis Tor, Hey Tor and that rock,
 The Vixen—in the shaping of the Sphinx.
 A thousand rills flow, rushing from thy depths,
 To rivers; loved of the halcyon; there,
 Through clear pools, cupped in granite, the otters
 Glide after trout, and there, the ouzel dips
 Beneath the tall Osmunda, king of ferns.

Legends dwell with thee ; of the pixy folk,
Feared of the moor-men. Here, a people met
To shape a law, and still tradition tells
Where lurked the outlaw, and that fearful man
Who dared to doubt what priestcraft dared to say ;
And earlier, of old races, who upreared
Thy stones in temples, circles, avenues,
What time these oaks, now shrivelled in white moss
Shrouded their Wise-men from the vulgar eye.

CHRISTMAS, 1876.

I.

IN the spring-time of the year,
 When the bloom is on the yews,
 And the flowers woo the bees,
 With nectar sweet and honey dews.

II.

Then it is I cast beside me,
 Books and papers every one,
 Take me down my stick and wallet,
 Sally out to feel the sun.

III.

Through the odorous fields I wander,
 Waxing gladlier every day ;
 Talking with the country people,
 Hopes of harvest, fears of hay.

IV.

Over heaths and furzy commons,
 Deep in bottom, high on hill,
 Now through woodland, now by hamlet,
 Now by river, now by rill.

V.

Or by stately ivied ruins,
 Speaking of the days of old,
 Moated grange or ample abbey,
 Carrying memories manifold.

VI.

Through the gold and colours lying
Round the sweet and lazy herds,
While on all sides there is music
Of the courtship of the birds.

VII.

Then the mother Nature tells me,
Many secrets from her store,
Tells me them and bids me keep them,
Bids me come again for more.

VIII.

Only when the leaf is falling,
Sad, I hie me back to town,
Poor in purse but rich in person,
Strong in limb and gipsy-brown.

IX.

Then again I gather round me
Books and papers many a one ;
Hang me up my stick and wallet,
Waiting for another sun.

I.

IT is over now—was it a dream?
 That short relief of the mind
 From the trouble and worry and work,
 Which it left here in London behind.

II.

For grimy the town looks and black,
 And heavy the air to the breath,
 And the faces of people who pass one,
 Are pale with the pallor of death.

III.

How ruddy the skin grew with colour
 Of health, in the wind and the sun,
 How the muscles swelled strongly and largely,
 In the scaling the mountains we won.

IV.

Ah me! and the day that we came
 To the shore of that sunny and blue
 Little lake by the hill with the castle,
 How we rushed to the margin and threw

V.

All our limbs in the depths with such freedom,
 And shouted aloud for the joy
 Of the water, the sun, and the pastime,
 Each man with the mirth of a boy.

VI.

And after—the walk down the mountains
Till they sloped into verdure and plain,
And Italy spread there before us,
Wealth of olives, and vineyards, and grain.

VII.

But to live is to work, and the labour
Still sweetens the bread which it brings,
And to work is to pray, and the worker
Lightens toil with the song which he sings.

VIII.

With a song of the mountain and moorland,
With a song of the air blowing free
On the river which ceaseless is flowing,
And sparkling with sunlight—to sea.

IX.

So Memory gladdens the present
By recalling the joy which is past,
While Hope makes all bright in the future,
Till we die in our harness at last.



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